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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Cover Girl: July 2016 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Noelle Monique

A TASTE for adventure sparks so many encounters for the readers of *Penthouse Letters*. So what better way to kick off this month's issue than with Suck a What? Consider these oral sex tidbits an appetizer for this issue's erotic feast!

Carnal cravings are fulfilled, and then some, in Wives Gone Wild, as sexy spouses roam from home to find a charming cowboy, a dashing businessman and a willing college hunk–none of whom let a little thing like a husband get in the way of some extramarital fun!

With girl-girl hookups, surprising one-night stands and swinging good times, you'll find plenty of sensual surprises to both entertain and inspire you to get down and dirty.

And when you do get lucky, be sure to tell Penthouse about your hottest summer hookups! Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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EDITORIAL

Publisher Kelly Holland

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio

ART

Creative Director Matt Westphalen
Art Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
Chatsworth, CA 91311
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ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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LETTERS

SUCK A WHAT?

1 TASTE TEST

Flirting up a storm with Sandy the first week we'd met had been fun. But I admit it was a hell of a lot more fun to finally hop in bed with her. She was a gorgeous woman with a fantastic body.

I had just come like crazy with her as she'd squealed through a gratifying climax of her own. We lay together in her bed, basking in the glorious afterglow. As I tugged a quilt up over us, I dreamily remarked on its intricate pattern. Sandy murmured, "Oh...Rick gave me that."

Suddenly, she sat bolt upright, pressing her knuckles to her mouth. "Shit, Lukas! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to say that."

I blinked in confusion, trying to figure out how she thought she'd offended me. She'd mentioned a Rick once or twice. Who was he? Ah, her last boyfriend.

I couldn't help it. I burst out laughing. The look of horror on her face was replaced with her own confusion. "What's funny?" she asked, not annoyed but getting there.

I sat up, too. "I don't mind you speaking your ex-boyfriend's name, Sandy. Frankly, I wouldn't even mind if you were still sleeping with him."

Her pretty mouth dropped open. "Wouldn't that make you jealous?"

I shook my head. "I don't do jealousy."

My statement sounded a bit pretentious, but I absolutely meant it. I had stuck to a non-jealousy policy for years when it came to relationships and hookups. And I'd long since pledged never to get involved with somebody who was prone to jealousy herself. It complicated things that didn't need to be complicated.

"But...but–" she stuttered. I could see her struggling to grasp the concept.

I tried to help. "Look, jealousy might be natural. It might even be an instinct. But it can be unlearned. And if you overcome it, well, life gets a hell of a lot easier."

A smile flickered over her lips. Her half of the quilt–Rick's quilt–was around her waist. Her perky tits stuck out temptingly, her nipples still stiff. My just-spent cock started to stir again at the sight of her nakedness.

Sandy came right out and asked directly: "You mean you've been in actual relationships where the other person was having sex with a third party?"

I chuckled. It almost sounded like a legal question. I had met Sandy at the coffeehouse where I often hung out with my circle of friends. I was currently

"COME SIMMERED IN MY BALLS, AND I MOANED AS ECSTASY GATHERED WITHIN ME."

sleeping with three of the women in that group. We were a tight-knit clique.

It was time to cut to the chase, I realized with a sigh. If Sandy was going to be scared off, better to do it right away, even though I really liked her. I told her about the three other women: Beth, Aiysha and Caitlyn. I explained that they all knew about one another and added that each in turn was fucking around with others, as well. Our crew was something of a mobile sex party, I admitted.

She shook her head in dismay, like she couldn't believe what she was hearing. But I saw no anger, and thought maybe there was a sparkle of fascination in her eyes. I was still gazing at her breasts, my cock fully hard beneath the quilt.

"And there are no hurt feelings?" she asked. "Nobody getting into a screaming match because someone fucked somebody else?"

I wondered about the relationships she'd been in before. Maybe this Rick was a throwback meathead who'd thought Sandy's pussy belonged to him. (But he still had good taste in bedding.)

I decided to go with an anecdote. It would be the make-or-break moment for me and Sandy. "Beth, Aiysha, Caitlyn and I have a little game we play. When I go see one of them after having just been to bed with one of the others, whoever I'm visiting tries to guess which woman I've been with."

"Guess? How?"

I grinned. "By going down on me and seeing if she recognizes the taste of my previous partner's pussy on my cock."

Sandy's earlier looks of surprise had nothing on the full-on gape she gave me at that point. But her excitement was also plainly written on her face. I shifted toward her and took her in my arms. She flung herself against me and mashed her mouth on mine. Her ex-boyfriend's quilt hit the floor, and we were suddenly tussling and grinding. I squeezed her tits as she spread her legs to take my steel-hard cock once again.

Apparently she wasn't going to run away scared, after all. I was very glad about that. I really did like her.

Over the next couple weeks I saw Sandy go through a happy turnaround. It's always pleasing to see someone shake off the emotional shackles of jealousy and embrace erotic freedom. Her manner became more easygoing; she was shamelessly flirty with my friends–and they flirted right back. She even started sleeping with a few of them, which I was more than fine with. We were indeed a cheerful bunch of libertines.

When she finally crossed the gender line, like so many of us had, I knew she was truly one of us. I had a sneaking suspicion about what she was up to, but didn't say anything, not wanting to spoil her fun.

Still, I saw her hop from Beth's bed to

Aiysha's to Caitlyn's. Those were three magnificently sexy women, and I had no doubt each showed Sandy a great time. But I knew part of what she was doing was research.

She texted me to come over on a Friday night. I replied that I'd be "busy" till around nine. She knew what that meant.

"Come straight over here afterward," she texted back.

I enjoyed an early romp with Caitlyn that night, plowing her streaming pussy until she squealed with orgasmic delight as I spunked into her. When I was leaving her place, she gave me a smirk, like she knew what was in store for me.

I arrived at Sandy's apartment. The lights were dim and sultry music was playing. Sandy stepped out wearing silk lingerie. She looked fucking beautiful. The risqué outfit left her succulent tits bare. Her pussy had already dampened the skimpy panties she had on.

She grinned wickedly as she glided toward me. I stood there, savoring the sight of her. She came nose to nose with me and murmured, "You've been fucking another woman, haven't you?"

My cock surged, suddenly too big for my jeans.

"Yes," I said.

Her grin grew diabolic. "I'm going to find out who."

With two other people, this might have been the start of a terrible argument. But for us it was just setting the stage with a kinky kind of foreplay.

Sandy kissed me, and then knelt before me. I expected her hands to undo my belt and fly, but instead I saw her grip the tongue of my belt in her teeth and pull it free of the buckle. She undid the brass button of my jeans the same way, then she bit my zipper and managed to tug it all the way down. Impressive.

My briefs were still wadded up on Caitlyn's bedroom floor, so my hard cock sprang out right before Sandy's face. Her eyes glittered as she gazed at my stiff shaft and the tiny pearl of pre-come shining on the tip.

By that point Sandy had sucked my cock plenty of times, just like I'd eaten her pussy every chance I got. But that night was going to be something truly special, I sensed.

She slipped a hand over my balls, cradling my nutsac and applying a soft pressure that sent chills through me. I made sure my feet were well planted on the floor. I looked down, my eyes brimming with lust.

Sandy was going to figure out who I'd just fucked by tasting my cock. By this time, she herself was personally acquainted with the sexual flavors of my other three female lovers.

Her tongue flicked up the dewdrop of pre-come. After that, a look of intense concentration came to her lovely features. She was like a wine connoisseur about to judge an elusive vintage.

When her tongue swirled around my cockhead, my body jumped from the contact. Pleasure sizzled up from my crotch, spreading through me. Her lips closed around my knob, and I felt a strong suction. But she wasn't just doing that for my benefit: She wanted as thorough a sample of lingering pussy juice as she could get off me. I groaned, relishing that dirty thought as much as I did the sensation.

The ring of her mouth slowly descended my shaft. Her tongue wriggled on me, and my left knee started to quiver. I had to concentrate to hold still. She continued to gently massage my balls, but her real attention was on my cock—and what tastes might still be clinging to it.

I had always loved this game with the other women, but with Sandy it had a unique sweetness. No doubt a month

LETTERS

↘ SUCK A WHAT?

ago Sandy wouldn't have been able to imagine doing such a thing. I was happy to have introduced her to such dirty behavior.

Her encircling mouth moved steadily toward the base of my staff. Her cheeks were flattened in around me, and she was sucking hard. A frown furrowed her brow. I could tell she was checking her mental data regarding the flavors of Beth, Aiysha and Caitlyn. Each woman had told me that Sandy had swiftly become a pussy-licking expert.

Sandy finished her luxuriantly slow descent and held me with my cockhead pulsing in her throat. Her eyebrows arched like she'd decided something. Then suddenly she started to lift and drop her mouth on me at a serious speed. She didn't let up the suction one bit.

Fantastic pleasure spiraled higher in me, and I felt a deep, shivering wave of bliss. Sandy was merciless, driving headlong as her wet mouth flashed up and down my straining shaft. She deep-throated me with every intense plunge.

I went ratcheting up through my pre-orgasmic stages. Come simmered in my balls, eager to erupt, and I moaned raggedly as ecstasy gathered within me.

Abruptly, she wrenched her mouth away, leaving my spit-dripping cock twitching with need. Her other hand gripped my shaft, squeezing and holding me in check. I was right on the fucking brink, and she damn well knew it.

Sandy announced, "I say it was Caitlyn. If I'm right, come on my face."

Then she released my cock, and without any further contact, I shot my glorious load all over her grinning, triumphant mug.

–L.H., via email

HUNGER

Hearing the "pop!" my mouth makes as it releases the head of a cock from its warm, wet, cavernous depths gives me indescribable pleasure. I wasn't always this crazy about sucking dick, but that was before Charlie.

Charlie was a regular at the coffee shop where I worked. Over the last few months, his visits had grown more frequent, and our playful glances and small talk became the highlight of my day. Getting ready for work was a series of evaluations as I attempted to discern what outfit would turn him on more. Slipping on my panties, I daydreamed about what it would feel like for Charlie to pull them off with his teeth. Sliding my T-shirt over my supple breasts I fantasized about the sensation of Charlie's tongue tenderly teasing my nipples.

Charlie was a tall, slender man with a fantastic smile and a wicked sense of humor. His visits would always cheer me up. He'd leave me flirtatious little notes on napkins or receipts. Our sexual tension had escalated to beyond unbearable for me. On the outside, I was asking if he wanted his usual coffee, but on the inside I was begging for him to come in my mouth. Then there was that fateful day last spring when I finally got my wish.

It had been raining hard that day, and I was just about to close up when I saw Charlie running toward the shop, completely drenched. He threw the door open, shook off the rain a little like a puppy and then approached the counter. I noticed the droplets of water sliding down his curly locks and how his wet shirt clung to his toned pecs.

He told me he'd been having a bad day but he'd wanted to see me to make it better. I blushed and then bit my lip, agonizing over how badly I wanted to taste him. I offered him some towels to dry off, and as he took them from my hands, he gently caressed my fingers. I felt a tickle deep in my pussy. The rain started coming down even harder, and I swear I heard rumbling thunder in the distance.

I couldn't help myself any longer; I needed him now. I heard the words come out of my mouth before I could even think: "Wanna fuck?"

I could tell I made him a little nervous, but his unrelenting stare gave away his interest.

"I thought you'd never ask," he replied.

One side of his mouth curled up, and he shifted his weight. I excitedly rushed over to lock the front door and close the blinds. I then flipped the sign to “closed” and turned off the front lights. As our bodies rushed toward one another, I felt like a panther stalking its prey. His lips were soft, and our mouths instinctively knew how to move with each other. Our tongues tangled as our hands started to explore curves and hidden places. I could smell his unique scent, and as I felt his hot breath on my neck, my legs started quivering ever so slightly. In that moment, the only thing in my world that mattered was me tasting his cock and learning how it felt in my mouth.

“Can I suck it?” I asked girlishly as my fingers started finding their way to his waistband. He waited a moment and then coyly repeated himself, “I thought you’d never ask.” His hands began confidently stroking my pussy through my clothes. He knew what to do with his fingers. I felt a rush of heat shoot straight to my clit.

I dropped to my knees, and his fingers drifted affectionately through my hair. My mouth was watering as I unbuttoned his jeans and pulled down the zipper.

“I’ve wanted this for so long,” he admitted to me. That reassurance was just what I needed for me to channel my inner slut. I could see the head of his dick peeking out from the band of his briefs. I kissed it lovingly and then pulled his jeans and underwear down far enough to free his erection. It was the most beautiful cock I’d ever seen.

It was smooth and wide and lined with little purple veins I wanted to follow with my tongue. I gripped the base tightly with my right hand, and with my left, I massaged his balls. He gathered my hair from my face and held it behind my head like a leash. As his dick entered my mouth, I felt a surge of excitement zigzag throughout my body like electricity. I looked up at him, parting my lips, and I felt his long, hard cock fill my mouth. He guided my head, using my hair like a horse’s reigns, and I felt like I was rapidly galloping toward ecstasy. He was the most delicious thing I’d ever tasted.

“I LOOKED UP AT HIM, PARTING MY LIPS, AND I FELT HIS HARD COCK FILL MY MOUTH.”

I gagged, and my mouth watered as he thrust deeper into my throat. I gurgled in pleasure, loving our feral moment. Charlie was forceful yet somehow always gentle as he plunged deeper into my throat. My hands ran up and down his abs, so firm and delectable, and I slurped away until he seized my wrists—one in each of his sturdy hands—and held them above my head. I pulled back and let his dick softly brush against my face. It made me feel like I was some sex toy swaying back and forth in his grasp.

I wanted to feel him jam himself deep inside my cunt, but my mouth was too greedy—it didn’t want to share.

I tried to swoop down and swallow him whole, but he pulled away, playing with me. I moaned with desire and looked straight into his eyes. He made me sort of chase his rock-hard cock, my treasure and my prize. When I finally recaptured him between my glistening lips, I was drooling so much little streams of saliva rushed down my chin and neck. My tongue raced around his tip, making him release a gasp and exclaim, “You’re really something else!”

Then he released my wrists from his clutches. I interpreted this as a form of praise, and it spurred me to show off.

I pulled off my shirt and unfastened my bra. My tits spilled out with nipples erect. I urged him to sit in a nearby chair, and I gathered his cock between my breasts. His dick was slick from my mouth, which made it easier for it to glide between my tits. I cradled his erection with my pillowy breasts, and he groaned in desperate appreciation. He was so close to coming, I could tell. He poked my chin a few times which reawakened my mouth’s hunger. I pulled away and then went back to licking and sucking his shaft.

He placed his hands on my shoulders, gripping me tightly. His insistent fingers made me feel under his control, which only furthered my pleasure. He clutched me more intensely as I let my tongue glide up and down his dick. Then I eventually worked my way down to his balls. I licked each slowly, and then took them both into my mouth as best I could. I sucked him and massaged with my tongue. His moans told me I was doing it right.

He demanded that I take off my pants.

LETTERS

↘ SUCK A WHAT?

I stood up and did so gladly, and then he immediately turned me around and bent me over a table. With my bare ass sticking up in the air, he spanked me hard a few times. With each swat, my moans of grew louder, and then without warning or hesitation I felt his hard dick plunge deep inside my pussy.

Sometimes with sex, I want to restrain myself and steadily build up intensity. But this was not one of those times. Each thrust came with such determination and purpose, I knew he was about to explode.

He made a final gasp and dramatically withdrew his dick from my cunt, and then he vigorously flipped me onto my back on the table with my head hanging over the edge. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth wide. Bringing his cock to my parted lips, he sent the pearly spurts of his come directly across my tongue. I swallowed each salty pulse. Then he kissed my lips before trailing a path down my body. He lavished my curves with kisses as I shivered with delight. I remember noticing the sound of the rain hitting the windowpanes and feeling like, in that moment, our bodies were linked with nature—stormy and passionate, full of elemental fury. It was a heavenly moment in which our sexuality united our worlds.

After those fleeting moments of bliss, Charlie looked a little different to me. It's like he held the key that unlocked my ferocious appetite for cock, and now that it was freed, I didn't need him anymore. His dick had set me free. Charlie never returned to the coffee shop after that day, and I honestly think it's for the best.

"CHARLIE WAS FORCEFUL YET SOMEHOW GENTLE AS HE PLUNGED INTO MY THROAT."

Moments of intensity like that are hard to follow up, and I'd prefer he remembered me sucking his dick rather than frothing milk for his latte. No matter what, I'll always think of Charlie fondly because he gave me one of the best gifts you can give a woman: the profound joy of sucking a beautiful cock..

–S.C., New York, New York

NAILED IT

Vince was working like a maniac on the gazebo. It had been the one thing at our extreme fixer-upper that I insisted be restored instead of replaced.

It was about 90 degrees in the shade, and he was out there sweating, swearing and looking adorable trying to get the structure ready for our upcoming late-summer cookout.

I heard a rumble of thunder as I dropped some fresh cut lemon in the pitcher of lemonade I'd made to surprise him.

Just as distant lightning cracked in the sky, I heard, "Goddamn it!"

I managed not to laugh as I ran outside and grabbed him by the back of his shorts. He turned to me, hammer in one hand and the other pressed to his sweating forehead.

"Stop for the day," I said.

"I'm almost done banging in all the nails that are trying to escape!"

I did laugh then. "Come inside, take a cool shower and have some lemonade."

He raised an eyebrow. "What's the catch?"

"No catch. There's a storm coming."

He looked relieved, and I felt a little bad for letting him work so long.

He brought his hammer and followed me inside like a dirty kid who'd been caught playing in the mud.

"Shower," I said, pointing. "I'll bring

you a drink in a minute."

"Is there rum in that lemonade?"

"Maybe later! Go!"

As he passed me, he laid a good swat on my ass. I jumped, giving a little shriek because he'd surprised me.

"Bossy lady," he muttered.

I poured his drink and realized the smack to my ass had started a thumping in my cunt that made me want to chase him upstairs and fuck him senseless.

He was already in the shower making happy sounds as the cool water sluiced down over him. The AC kicked on, and I was glad I'd brought him in from the heat.

I entered the bathroom with his drink, and when he turned and saw me through the glass, he slid open the shower door.

"Is that mine?"

I handed it to him, and he gulped down the beverage. "Cold!" he said.

"Yeah?" I grabbed his cock with the hand that had been holding the icy glass.

His gaze found mine, and he cocked an eyebrow. Curious? Hopeful? Maybe both.

"Is my hand cold, too?"

He looked down at his hardening cock, which was in my grasp.

"Yeah, kind of."

"Maybe some friction will help," I said. I moved my loose fist up and down his shaft and watched it go from kind of hard to a full-on raging erection.

I stepped back and stripped off my shorts and my tank top. "Make room. I'll wash your back."

I stepped into the shower with him and made a good show of washing his back with a handful of foaming shower gel. Then I wrapped my arms around him and found his cock with my hand again, stroking his shaft and caressing his balls.

A deep rumble issued from him that sounded like it came from a big, purring cat. I squeezed gently as I stroked his dick. Whether he knew it or not, he was thrusting into my fist.

"Turn around," I said above the din of the rushing water.

He rinsed then turned, and I released

LETTERS

↘ SUCK A WHAT?

him only to bend at the waist and suck his cockhead into my mouth. I played my tongue over his tip, licking up cool water and the taste of freshly washed skin.

Vince made that purring sound again, and it went right to my pussy. I felt my insides clench with anticipation. I wanted to fuck him, but even more, I wanted him to come in my mouth.

I pulled back and licked my lips. When I stood, I kissed him roughly and said, "Turn off the water."

He cut the shower so fast I almost laughed. Then he followed me, dripping and uncaring, into the bedroom.

I patted the bed, and he teased me, "But we'll get it wet."

"It'll dry."

He climbed onto the bed and chuckled when I pushed him to his back. "Have I told you how sexy it is that you go out there and battle dry wood and old nails and curse like a sailor?"

Before he could answer I straddled him, feeling the hot press of his long cock against the center of me. I wriggled, and he hummed.

I kissed him when he tugged me down and didn't bother to answer me. I kissed down his belly and found his cockhead with my lips. I pursed them and tongued him like a lollipop. When he growled, I took him in my mouth and sucked down to the root of him.

His body bucked up to feel more of my eager mouth.

I stroked him with my hand, focusing my tongue and lips on the tip of him. I worked him fast, and then when he started to pant, I worked him slowly. He groaned, and I smiled, even with my mouth packed with dick.

I moved up to straddle him, sliding him into my thumping cunt. I made my own rough sound when I sank down and had him fully seated. I started to rock, riding him slow and steady.

His big hands came down on my hips, and he thrust up from beneath me.

I looked down into his big brown eyes, begging him not to shoot with an imploring glance.

"I'm gonna come first. Then, when you're all slick and sweet from my juices, I'm going to suck you off until you come in my mouth. I want to swallow you down—and taste every drop of your load," I said in a shaky voice.

His eyes rolled back, and he groaned again. "Keep talking like that, and it'll never happen because I'll shoot off in your cunt."

I grinned. "You can hold on. I believe in you."

He reached up to cup my breasts. His thumbs circled the halos of my nipples and then he pinched. Twin sparks of pain shot through me. I squeezed my pussy around his shaft and felt him drive up hard from beneath me.

"Again," I said, rocking faster.

Vince drove up into me again. Harder. And I loved it.

That bang-thump-stroke of goodness hit me like a ton of bricks, and my head suddenly felt light.

"Again," I managed to utter.

He grabbed my hips and drove up fast and hard in measured time. That did it. My cunt spasmed deliciously as I came. I gripped his forearms so hard my fingernails left little crimson half-moons in his flesh.

I pulled free of him and kissed my way down his body in a lustful frenzy. His dick was slick with my wetness, and he smelled like fucking and pleasure.

I sucked his cockhead and used my fist on his shaft. His thigh muscles grew tight as he tried to stay still. He grabbed a handful of my hair and held it as I took him into my mouth.

Pulling away briefly, I demanded, "Fuck my mouth."

He sighed, and his hips came up just as when he'd pounded my cunt. He drove into my mouth and my throat, restless and on the verge of coming—I could tell.

I pulled off him to demand: "Harder!" I dove down just as he drove up.

I sucked the tip of him upon every withdrawal. He was panting like he'd

just come back from a run.

"I want you to fill my mouth. My throat…" I managed to say before he shut me up with his thrusting cock.

I broke free of his light grip and moved to his balls. I licked them, traced them and flicked at them with my tongue before sucking on them, all the while jacking his cock with my slippery fist. He growled, his patience wearing thin. He wanted to come, which was good. We were in agreement because I wanted him to come, too. But not yet.

I teased his dick with my tongue and then dragged my open mouth down one side of his shaft before nuzzling the root of him. Then I pulled my open mouth up the other side, making sure to get him good and slippery.

He gripped my shoulders and pushed slightly. But I pushed back. I wasn't done.

I trailed my tongue around the cap of his cock, tracing the head, before sucking him in fast and deep.

"Get that ass up here," he ordered.

A shiver ran through me. I knew what he wanted. It always got him off—and got him off hard.

I swung around so my ass was pointed toward his face while I still gobbled his cock. My fingers trailed along his ball sac, gently stroking him.

He slid a finger in me, and I moaned—and then so did he. I moved my mouth up and down his shaft faster and faster. He added a second finger. He was watching his fingers penetrating me, spreading me…opening me up.

"I WANTED TO FUCK HIM, BUT EVEN MORE, I WANTED HIM TO COME IN MY MOUTH."

His dick jerked in my mouth, and I swirled my tongue slowly, taking my pace down a notch. Vince groaned and slid a third finger inside me.

I sighed against his balls, feeling him open me up slowly. It was almost too much—almost. I braced myself with my left arm and dipped my right hand between my thighs giving my clit a swirl. He added his fourth finger, and I gasped.

I sucked him harder as those fingers moved in and out of me in a mesmerizing tempo that had my cunt thumping.

"Faster," he demanded.

I moved faster. I rubbed my clit faster; I sucked faster. I was struggling to breathe, and so was he.

His fucked me with those fingers as I pulled my lips off his cock. I slid my tongue down his erection lazily. He was on the edge, and I wanted to keep him there. I didn't want to give him enough friction or speed to actually come.

"Stop teasing me," he snarled. The fingers inside me flexed, and I hissed.

I was so close to coming again I could taste it.

I pinched my clit, and my pussy gripped his fat bundle of fingers.

I delivered broad licks to the head of his cock, tasting the salty sweetness that was always there right before he came.

"Fucking hell," he barked.

I decided to put him out of his misery. I drove my mouth down his shaft, sucking and licking, and inhaling deeply so he could fill my throat.

He jerked up beneath me and bellowed when he climaxed. I swallowed down his come the best I could, but some still dribbled from my lower lip.

He was frozen for just a moment, paralyzed by pleasure. Then he began moving his fingers in and out of me at a slower pace. He was pressing all the right places as I once again played with my swollen clit. That beautiful combination made me climax. My pussy flexed around his fingers. I gave his cock one last lick before we collapsed in an exhausted heap.

–C.K., via email

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

MORNING MOVES

LOGAN HELPS EMBER START HER
DAY THE RIGHT WAY.

EMBER & LOGAN

"NO ONE LOVES DOGGY-STYLE AS MUCH AS I DO. I LIVE FOR IT."

—EMBER

LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

1 RODEO QUEEN

My husband and I have a great marriage. He's my everything, and I'm happy to play the doting wife. I don't regret any of the sacrifices I've made. But a few months ago when he told me he had to go away for a week for work, I realized I didn't have any life outside of my marriage. That's when I reached out to Tracy, the wife of my husband's business partner. She suggested we go to the rodeo while the guys were away.

Tracy picked me up at 9 a.m. on the dot. She's a sexy redhead with wispy curls and full lips. I'm a petite blonde, and that day I wore a white T-shirt and tight denim shorts, so together we evoked a little *Thelma and Louise* sex appeal. I was basking in my temporary independence and was feeling kinda randy. The car ride was well underway when Tracy plunged her hand into her purse. She pulled out a flask and exclaimed, "All right, let's get this party started!"

Tracy was carefree and a little dangerous. We passed the tequila-filled flask back and forth as we traveled down the endless highway. Each swig we took made us laugh deeper and made our bodies feel warmer and lighter. By the time we got to the rodeo, any nerves I'd harbored had melted away from the hot sun and the booze, and I couldn't help but get a little wet in my panties when I spotted all the sexy cowboys.

We found ourselves some seats right up front for the bull-riding and poured tequila into our Dixie cups of icy lemonade. Watching those men grip the back of a bull with their rock-hard thighs turned me on in a really primal way. There was no question about the strong, able bodies hidden beneath their shirts. Their fine physiques were evident in the way they twisted and turned on top of those beasts. It made me hungry for some cowboy cock.

As the midday sun helped produce little trickles of sweat that ran down my back, my conversation with Tracy began to get heated.

"I have a confession to make!" She leaned closer to me to say, "I've got a little secret. I'm a web-cam girl! I just started." As my eyes grew wide, a wicked grin appeared on her face, and she continued. "I do it when my husband's out of the house. I do it for myself. It makes me feel sexy, and I think it helps my marriage, too. In a way, I'm really doing it for my man."

Her statement struck me. I was raised to see things as black and white. But as I stared at that beautifully blue summer sky and sipped bright yellow lemonade, I began to see that there are more colors in the world. Tracy looked at me like it was my turn to offer up a secret. I took a swig of my drink before admitting, "I've never been with anyone but my husband." As I made my confession, I stared down into my cup, noticing all the ice in it had melted. I heard her let out a little gasp of surprise, then she began rubbing my back.

"Oh honey, there's no need to be embarrassed! You're young and gorgeous, and even though you love your man, you don't have to hide yourself away! There's no harm in a little exploration—especially if you're doing it for the good of your marriage."

I don't know if it was just the sun and the drinks or the primal scent of man that was lingering around that macho rodeo, but her words hit me deep. My eyes moved from my melted lemonade to my wedding ring and then up to rodeo ring. Was my entire life to be one big circle? Tracy's comforting words faded into the background as I watched a cowboy in a black button-down shirt get tossed off a bull. The sandy-haired man had a presence like Zeus as he threw down his fist, pounding the dirt below him. He was so raw and real and alive.

"You know what?!" I exclaimed as I snapped out of my reverie. "You're right! I need a little excitement in my life. I think I'll start today!" I jumped out of my seat, slid off my wedding ring and placed it in her palm. Her jaw dropped as I took off,

heading down the row to the exit.

I didn't know where I was going or what I was going to do, but it felt like destiny was lassoing me in, bringing me closer and closer to my truth. I was walking around in a dream state when I accidentally bumped into a shoulder. I looked up to see it belonged to the handsome cowboy with the black shirt and sandy hair.

"You should watch where you're going! You might get run over by a bull!" he joked before taking a swig of his beer. I thought about how I wanted to be that beer bottle. I wanted his mouth on me. He was wearing a black cowboy hat and tipped it to me as he looked into my eyes. He had charm for days.

My body started to feel hot and tingly, and then I heard some words come out of my mouth: "Maybe that's what I need. To be ridden hard."

I could hardly believe myself, but making that admission felt right.

He and I stood there for a moment, our eyes tracing one another's bodies. Ferocious desire raced through me, from my toes to the top of my head. Then I said, "If you wanted to ride me, I promise I won't buck you off."

He straightened his back and adjusted his large belt buckle; my eyes shot to it like it was a target.

"I mean it," I continued. "You just let me know if you're game." I tried to give him my best come-hither smile and began to walk past him. I was trying to leave him stunned, but as I took a single step away, he grabbed my right arm and pulled me close. His grip felt powerful and dangerous, like nothing I'd ever known.

"All right then, little lady. I'm game." His hand started gently stroking my arm. I instantly felt my clit tingle and swell as it rubbed against the seam of my shorts. "Follow me."

I felt like my entire body was on fire. I gave him a nod and a little grin. He took my hand and led me to a dark, secluded area below the stadium bleachers. The roar of the crowd and the heavy stomping of the bulls surrounded us. I tasted his salty sweat in my mouth as our lips touched, and I ran my fingers through his damp hair. My breasts were pressed up against his solid frame. He squeezed my ass as we kissed, and then he gave my butt a hard slap. I let out a giddy yip.

"HIS POWERFUL THRUSTS UNLEASHED MY INNER ANIMAL. I BEGAN RIDING HIM WILDLY."

The cowboy pulled back and undid the button on my shorts before quietly encouraging me to strip. I unzipped my denim cutoffs and shimmied the shorts down my legs. Then standing there in my pink, lacy panties and white T-shirt, I unfastened his belt buckle and ripped open his jeans. I heard each button on his fly open with a pop. He pulled his boxers down, letting his enormous rod spring forth like it was reaching out for me. I hungrily tore off my panties and lunged toward him, throwing him onto his back atop the dark soil of the rodeo grounds.

His hands reached for me, encouraging me to climb on top of him. But I reared back and turned around, so I could mount him with my ass pointing toward his face. I put one hand on his bent knee, and using my other hand, I gently guided his dick to my wet cunt. I held his erection still for a moment—not letting him penetrate me—as I slowly made circles with my hips. I could sense the frustration in him as I teased him. He grabbed my waist and pulled me down so I fully sank onto him. He'd yanked me so fast my ass cheeks slapped against his lower abdomen. His powerful thrusts unleashed my inner animal. I began riding him wildly, but as my pussy grew more wet, my lunges and bounces grew even more intense. I bucked atop his thick cock, and I felt crazy with lust. It was like the crowd above us wasn't cheering for the cowboy in the ring; they were cheering for me, the naughty cowgirl. I tore off my shirt and felt him unclasp my bra. Riding him made my tits bounce wildly, no doubt creating an indecently alluring picture.

"Come on, baby, you can do it." His words of encouragement were accompanied by both of his hands

LETTERS

↘ WIVES GONE WILD

assertively gripping my ass cheeks. While I fucked his cock, his thumbs gently parted my butt cheeks and he began dipping one of those digits in and out of my asshole. As my thighs began to grow weak from my exertion, he took my hips in both hands and began lifting me up and ramming me down on his pole.

His strength and conviction were really something. It made me realize we were worlds apart, but in that moment, we both were working toward the same thing. To make one another come with the sensuality of animals that knew no shame.

At his request, I spun around, once again mounting his dick so that we faced each other. But before long, he moved me onto my back on the ground to fuck me missionary-style.

I could tell this was going to be the cowboy's final ride. He plunged deep inside me, and I let out a groan of joy. I was coming, but he still had some fight left in him. My hands ran up and down his muscular arms as I moaned in pleasure. One last howl escaped from his mouth as he dove inside me with a final plunge and then he pulled out, spurting come all over my chest. I heard the roar of the crowd. It seemed as if they were cheering us on to our hard-earned victory.

After that experience, I was able to resume my life—but with more passion and intensity. When my husband returned, I wasn't his sweet little bride anymore; I was his rodeo queen.

–P.F., Sacramento, California

WEEKEND PASS

Sometimes being cooped up with my own overheated libido would make me crazy. But there wasn't much I could do about it. I was a novelist who wrote adventure stories packed with square-jawed heroes rescuing damsels in distress—or sometimes the other way around. But my own personal life wasn't nearly as exciting.

In contrast, my husband met constantly with clients and mingled with people at all sorts of glitzy corporate events. Diego's was a rich social and professional life.

Truthfully, my man's an introvert who would have preferred staying at home, while I was still a party girl who craved fun. But given my career, I often found myself working solo. So I guess both of us were a little unsatisfied.

Maybe we weren't the most compatible couple, but I did love my husband. However, I sometimes wished I could go out and tear it up without him.

Two things happened to break up our marital stalemate. First, I inadvertently saw a batch of Diego's emails, which all but confirmed he and some woman were having an on-again/off-again affair. I was more surprised than hurt. Prior to my marriage I'd been in plenty of non-monogamous relationships. In fact, I had preferred them. Frankly, I hadn't thought Diego was interested enough in other people—or sex—to cheat on me.

The second thing was that I got an offer to attend a writers' convention, where I could meet fans and sign books. It was the first such invitation I'd gotten. It would take place over a weekend, out of state.

The offer overwhelmed me, to the point where it even distracted me from what I'd learned about my husband's extramarital activities. I sat at my computer and pounded out several pages without pausing, only realizing afterward that I'd written a love scene for my latest novel that was much steamier than my usual work.

Reading back over the material, I found myself getting seriously turned on. Diego was off at his job. The house was quiet. I started typing more, turning the encounter between my two imaginary characters into a full-on graphic sex scene.

I'd never written such explicit stuff

before. But the words popped up on my screen–*pussy, cock, suck, fuck!* The experience was strangely intoxicating. My skin grew warm, then I broke out in patches of sweat.

I peeled off my T-shirt, then flung away my bra. My characters were really going at it. Still sitting at my desk, I shimmied off my pants. My pussy was damp and buzzing. I typed one-handed as I tweaked my nipples, the stimulation sending pleasure shooting through me.

On the screen the sex was now red-hot. I tentatively touched my pussy, grazing my fingertips over my slick cunt lips. With a deep groan, I plunged two fingers inside myself. I imagined myself as the woman in my scene. Then I pictured myself as the man. Then as both at once!

My fingers rammed in and out of my hole as ecstasy burned through me like wildfire. My ass bounced on the chair. I was no longer typing; I was living the sex that had come off of my fingertips. Well, as much as I could by myself, that is.

A shrieking orgasm overwhelmed me, the cresting pleasure leaving me limp before the glowing screen. But I'd had enough for the time being. Finally, I sat up straight and returned to my email, where the convention invitation was still waiting for a reply. I hadn't mentioned it to Diego yet.

I accepted the invitation, confirming my attendance and booking my hotel room. I grinned, sitting there naked and temporarily sated. Attending this event would certainly get me out of the house, hopefully for some real fun.

Diego didn't have much reaction at all when I told him I'd be traveling out of town. I flew out for the weekend, excited at the possibility of meeting fans. Many other writers were at the hotel and convention center. I hobnobbed and got to feel like a real author for maybe the first time–though I'd been self-publishing for quite a while.

It was an incredible experience. I had strangers coming at me with copies of my books and asking for autographs! I grinned, shook lots of hands and cheerfully answered repetitious questions.

"I SWIRLED MY TONGUE AROUND HIS SWOLLEN KNOB, MAKING HIS BODY JUMP."

After the first day's events wrapped up, I went into the hotel bar. I felt both spent and exhilarated. Sitting by myself with a cocktail, I basked in the glow of my semi-fame.

I was alone for maybe five minutes before a man came up to my table, addressing me by my pen name. "May I join you?"

Never being left alone in public goes with fame, too, I thought wryly. I eyed the man. He was handsome with a good physique. The evening suddenly felt ripe with potential.

"Sure," I replied, flashing him what I hoped was a sexy smile.

He sat, holding his own drink. The stranger introduced himself as Vincent. He had read some of my books and proceeded to ask me intelligent questions about them. I liked his manner as well as his looks. Interest and excitement started to rise in me, big-time.

After we'd chatted for a while, Vincent finally said, "You know, I always feel like you're holding back in your love scenes, trying to keep things PG-13."

By now I wanted him. I leaned forward and looked at him through eyes half-lidded with lust. Hopefully, years in front of a computer screen hadn't ruined my party-girl skills.

"I recently wrote a very hot sex scene. So hot it might not make it into one of my finished books. Want to come up to my room and read it?"

His eyes sprang wide, but he immediately replied, "Absolutely."

In the elevator, I wanted to grab his crotch but held back. Soon we were inside my room. I got my laptop and showed him the scene that had so turned me on. He actually blushed as he was reading, and I noticed a definite swelling in his pants.

While he was still hunched over my laptop's screen, I quietly slipped out of my clothes. *It's now or never*, I thought, feeling both anxious and excited.

He finally finished reading my lascivious words, turned toward me and went big-eyed at the sight of me nude. He rushed toward me, and I pulled him into an embrace, jamming my naked body against his still clothed one. I felt his hard cock pressing through his slacks. His strong hands raced over me, reaching down to squeeze the swells of my ass. A wave of pleasure hit me, but I wanted more.

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↘ WIVES GONE WILD

As I tore at Vincent's clothing, he got the idea and helpfully shed every stitch. His cock sprang out, as hard as oak, the cockhead nearly as red as a ripe tomato. My mouth watered at the sight of him.

I led Vincent over to the big hotel bed. My body was humming with need. I gave one last thought to my husband, silently acknowledging that Diego could have a pass on his affair—because I was about to have one of my very own. Then I gave all my attention to Vincent as we sprawled across the covers.

My hand closed around his cock as he lay on his back. He had a gorgeous body, muscular and powerful, like the rugged adventurers from the pages of my books. He moaned as his shaft throbbed in my grip. I worked his staff with my hand for a moment, then I decided I had to have a taste of him.

I knelt alongside him and bent down to take his erection into my mouth. First, I swirled my tongue around his swollen knob, making his whole body jump. Then I began to suck my way down his veiny length. I relished the smooth texture of his skin. My lips stretched out into an "O." I sucked my cheeks in around him, applying a firm pressure. I put a hand around his balls, squeezing him gently.

The taste of him filled my mouth; he was delicious. His cockhead breached my throat as I took him all the way. He wriggled gratifyingly on the bed, the pleasure obviously intense for him.

I lifted and dropped my mouth on him. Once upon a time, in my sexual heyday, I had sucked off men right and left. It was good to know my skills were still very much intact. My hand on Vincent's nutsac let me monitor where he was along the scale toward his climax. I wouldn't have minded drinking his jizz, but I also wanted his fine cock inside my pussy.

"I WAS BUZZING WITH JOY WHEN HE LIFTED HIS HEAD AND CRAWLED UP ONTO ME."

As it happened, he had enough self-restraint to pull away well before he was ready to shoot. Grinning, he sat up and eased me onto my back. He moved around to lie between my legs, his shoulders pushing apart my thighs. His face reared up over my glistening pussy. His breath tickled my lips, then his tongue stuck out and lapped energetically over my damp folds. I let out a sigh as a thrilling sensation rippled through me. He went up and down my slit with long swipes, awakening deeper ecstasy in me, bringing my simmering passion to a full boil.

When he delved his tongue inside me, I groaned loudly. I felt him stroke my engorged clitoris with the stiffened tip of his tongue, drawing a mounting erotic thrill from me. I shivered as my hips jerked underneath me, smearing my flowing juices across his face.

I was buzzing with joy when he lifted his head and crawled up onto me. My body was poised on the brink, ready to be swept off to the ultimate ecstasy I wanted so badly.

Before he put his cock into me, we paused to finally kiss. I had the taste of his cock in my mouth and my pussy juice was tart on his tongue. Then he set his cockhead against my well-licked hole, sliding his knob up and down my cleft. I grinned at him, crossing my wrists behind the back of his neck. Finally, with a moan, he pushed himself inside me.

The pleasure was immediate and intense. I cried out, lifting my hips at the same time to take in more of him. My pussy grasped him greedily, pulling him deeper and deeper. His erect length filled me until I felt his cockhead throbbing at my core. He was pressed flush against me, balls-deep in my snatch.

He started to stroke into me, and I worked with him. We were in perfect rhythm. His cock plunged into me

repeatedly. His solid body smacked against mine as I rose to meet him. Each impact pushed me further toward paradise. I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist.

His cock drove into me harder. His every muscle seemed to be in motion. I bucked my hips, clinging to him and trusting him to see me all the way to the finish line. Hot bliss burned throughout my being as my head swam and my flesh jumped with invisible sparks.

Vincent pounded away until he couldn't take it anymore. Just as he cried out, my climax ripped through me. At the same instant, his come jetted deep inside me.

That love scene definitely wasn't PG-13—but it was one for the books!

–Name and address withheld

WIFE IN HEAT

You know those new digital security systems that let you use your smartphone to check up on your home? Well, my wife and I opted to install such a system, and let's just say it's ended up giving me more value than just the savings on our home owner's insurance!

To preface my story, let me tell you that my marriage had gone through a rough patch this past year. I stepped out on my wife—and I admitted it. After that, things were pretty rocky, but not for the reasons you might expect. Brianna was ultimately more pissed off that I was sharing my fantasy life with someone else, as opposed to being bothered by the sex itself.

It was right around last Thanksgiving when everything came to a head. She'd chucked a wineglass at me, exclaiming: "Why would you go there with her and not me? I want it up the ass, too! And I'd love to fuck in public. But you never want to do anything fun with me!"

I deserved her outburst. I had definitely become "that guy" who had settled into a boring, lights-off routine with my wife—after only two years of marriage. But luckily, Brianna and I started seeing this great sex therapist who gave us some ideas for more enlightened communication. And as we've gone through this process, I've started to discover that Brianna is way more exciting than the woman I'd thought I married. I may even be in over my head. But you can be the judge.

One hot Friday afternoon, I was sitting in my office as bored as hell. I was counting down the minutes until I could leave without my boss getting pissed when my phone buzzed with a text from Brianna: "Look at the deck camera."

We had installed security cameras around the front door and also around the deck in the back where we have a large pool.

I tapped the app in my phone to bring up the video feed, and there was my wife, posing for me in her tiny string bikini.

I texted back: "Baby, that's hot."

She replied: "It's about to get even hotter."

And that's when she motioned to someone off-camera, and I saw Chris, our pool boy, step closer to join Brianna on the deck.

Chris is a junior at a local college and a former high school football player. He could pass for my younger brother. He's tall with an athletic body. My wife flirts with him all the time when he comes over to work, and it has never bothered me. I'm not jealous of him. It's not like I've let myself go to hell sitting behind a desk. I lift and run almost every day, so I'm in great shape.

But as Chris stepped up to my wife and waved at the camera, I felt a sudden wave of possessiveness…but also sexual intrigue.

"What's going on?" I wrote. I watched my wife put her arms around Chris, look into the camera at me and then turn to kiss that young hunk.

Once she was done, she wrote back: "I'm getting him warmed up. You have 10 minutes to get here and join us, or I'll continue without you."

I didn't know what to reply. The woman on-camera smiled the most devilish smile, then she took off her bikini top and kissed Chris again.

Brianna is around five-foot-six with small but really perky breasts. She's got naturally reddish auburn hair that falls in soft waves down to her waist when it's long and loose. But that day it was piled up in one of her messy, sexy ballerina buns.

I felt my cock stiffening as I watched Chris untie her bikini bottoms and grope her bare ass.

"Drive safe," she texted before putting the phone down and turning her full attention to her boy toy.

My office is not far from our home—not even 10 minutes by car—but of course the drive felt unnaturally long. At

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"MY WIFE GROUND HER HIPS, SMEARING HER PUSSY AGAINST CHRIS'S FACE."

every red light, I couldn't stop staring at my phone, waiting for another sexy message. But none came—which told me Brianna was busy getting busy!

By the time I entered the house, Brianna was on her knees sucking off Chris. I stared at them from my spot in the kitchen, stopped dead in my tracks. She'd told me she was up to no good. But seeing her gobbling another guy's cock right in front of my eyes was a whole other proposition. I put my phone down on the counter and walked through the open sliding glass door.

Without missing a beat, my wife looked up at me, still stroking Chris' massive boner.

"Hi, honey," she said cheerfully.

And Chris, for his part, grunted and nodded.

I smiled at my naughty wife. "What's going on here?"

"Besides the obvious?"

I laughed. "Yeah. Fill me in."

Brianna released Chris's dick and stood, patting him on the chest.

"I've been getting him ready… because I've decided I want two cocks today. I've wanted that for a long time, you know."

"Yes, I remember you saying so."

We'd been discussing our fantasies and needs more openly, on the suggestion of our therapist.

"So, are you game?" she asked hopefully.

I gave her a kiss. "How can I say no to such a pretty face—or such a sweet ass?" I gave her bare bottom a swat.

Brianna giggled. "Good!" She glanced over her shoulder. "Chris, you don't mind if I help my husband catch up?"

"Not at all. I like watching." Chris answered, making himself comfortable on the chaise.

My wife practically ripped my shirt off. She always complains about how hard it is to manage those little buttons with her long nails. But this time it felt like a lioness was trying to claw my clothes off me. She showed my pants a similar lack of mercy before she got down on her knees to claim my hard cock like a prized trophy.

Brianna fingered her cunt as she sucked me off. And seeing Chris stroking himself while he watched us was more arousing than I'd expected it to be.

"See why I married her?" I asked Chris, caressing my wife's face while she gagged on my dick.

Chris nodded. "Mad fucking respect, man."

Brianna released me from her mouth and spat on my shaft, rubbing the glistening wetness up and down. "Are you both ready now? I don't think my pussy can get any wetter."

"You sure about that, baby?"

She giggled and shook her head.

And that's when I got a brilliant idea: "Why don't you sit on his face while I fuck your ass?"

"Hell, yeah," Chris exclaimed. "I've been wanting to taste her—with your permission, of course."

"Granted."

"Oh boy!" Brianna looked beyond delighted. We'd been on an anal kick lately—until this year, I had no idea I was married to such a backdoor-loving babe, so we've been making up for lost time.

Brianna adjusted the lounge so Chris could lay flat and then in a quasi-69 move, put her sweet cunt right in his face. I watched the young jock tonguing my wife's pink folds.

My wife ground her hips, smearing her pussy against Chris's face as she moaned, "Oh God, he's really good, honey."

"Spread your ass for me," I ordered her.

Brianna reached around back and opened her cheeks wider, exposing her inviting rosebud as she carefully balanced herself atop the pool boy's face.

I grabbed a condom and some lube out of the toy basket we keep near the pool.

Brianna moaned, "Oh, yes! Stick it in my ass."

As Chris tongued her clit, I eased myself inside Brianna's backdoor.

"More, more!" she begged.

In response, I thrust hard and deep, impaling her as much as I could. Poor Chris, he must've been ready to burst as my wife's groans grew louder and louder.

I held out for as long as I could before warning her, "I'm gonna come all over your ass."

"No, no, no! Wait," she implored.

I took a deep breath and pulled out just in time.

She got up, announcing, "I want to feel you both inside me."

Chris looked like someone told him he'd won the lottery. It took a few moments of maneuvering to figure out what worked best for our threeway. I got on the lounge and put Brianna in my lap, so she could lower her ass onto my cock, reverse cowgirl, while I held her steady. And then, with her legs spread wide, Chris could fuck her pussy.

Chris slipped on a condom, stroking himself as he watched us kiss, before Brianna eased my cock back inside her asshole.

"Ready?" I asked my wife.

"Oh, yeah," she said. "Let's start nice and slow."

Chris and I are both reasonably well hung, so it was a tight fit for my dick once his cock was wedged inside her pussy. And I can only imagine how Brianna felt. She gasped, and her face flushed red.

"Fuck, this is intense," she said, looking overwhelmed but pleased.

"You okay?" I asked.

She nodded rapidly. "Fuck me. Both of you fuck me, now!"

We eventually fell into a sexy rhythm. When he pulled out, I thrust in deeper, which meant every second Brianna was being impaled in a different hole. She rubbed her clit and moaned; I figured it wouldn't take long for her to come, but I had no idea how intense her orgasm would be.

When Brianna climaxed, her body began to shake and I felt one of her hands clenching my arm. "Both of you, do it at the same time—oh, fuck!"

Chris and I sped up the intensity of our thrusts, jamming inside her simultaneously, and that's when Brianna began to squeal high notes, the likes of which I had never heard before. It was like one endless noise escaping her mouth as her wet holes spasmed around our cocks.

You could say my previously demure wife was suddenly feral and unhinged as her orgasm overwhelmed her. But really, that animalistic bliss allowed her to be more like herself than she'd been in months.

Panting, Brianna collapsed like a limp rag doll with both of us still inside her.

"Just give me a minute," she said with closed her eyes as she laughed softly.

"We good?" Chris asked.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Brianna said, opening her eyes and meeting his gaze. "Finish off on my tits, boys!"

We whipped off our condoms, and my thoroughly fucked wife took both of our loads on her face and breasts.

Afterward, we soaked in the pool together and had drinks. And after Chris went home, my wife and I had a second anal encounter in the kitchen—but that's a story for another time.

In the meantime, I will say our home security system has more than paid for itself. Brianna and I fondly replay all the lusty moments of that sizzling summer day—and we continue to make more hot memories that all get captured on the deck cam.

–P.K., via email

Did you marry your wife because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell *Penthouse* all about it. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

GIRL'S TRIP

CHARLOTTE STOKELY AND SCARLETT SAGE WENT SHOPPING FOR LINGERIE. THINGS GOT INTIMATE.

"THERE'S NOTHING AS SOFT AS A WOMAN'S SKIN ON HER INNER THIGHS. I LOVE IT."

—SCARLETT SAGE

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OVER ECSTASY'S EDGE

A tropical paradise sets the stage for a couple's inhibitions to be lost at sea.

By Ryan Flagg

Strewn across the tropical sea, the little jeweled islands of the archipelago thrust up out of that warm, aquamarine water. Everything lay beautiful and isolated. It was a torrid haven, and I'd come to it in the summer, when it was too sultry for most tourists.

The native name for the place was a musical string of syllables. The translation: Ecstasy.

So, needing a serious break from my job and seeking some spiritual renewal, I had come to Ecstasy. The place didn't disappoint. There was a main island, where I checked into a nearly empty hotel. There were also local places to eat. The pace was unhurried, especially in the off season. Whenever anybody apologized for delays in service, I told them not to worry. I wasn't in any rush for anything.

The white sand beaches were uncrowded. In shorts, I walked with the surf breaking around my ankles. There were a few women splashing in the water or out strolling like me, but they were all partnered up. I didn't mind. I hadn't gone there looking to get laid.

Even so, the sight of scantily clad, heat-soaked feminine bodies set my balls on a low, steady simmer. There was something decidedly sensual about the whole setting. My skin was caressed by the radiance of the equatorial sun. The soft breezes carried the aroma of the gleaming ocean which surrounded the circle of islands.

I decided to be adventurous. The exotic locale seemed to call for it. It had been years since I'd gone snorkeling. I was told about some great spots out by the tinier islands. A boat could take me there, I heard. So I got some gear and went on out.

The islet where the boatman dropped me off was no bigger than a city block, a hump covered in waving grasses and ringed by soft sand. There the sea was shallow, and I could snorkel among the coral for as long as I wanted. The boat would be back in a few hours.

After the vessel chugged away, the gentle silence settled over me, getting down into the knots my high-stress job had left with me. Everything felt faraway, like the island lay out on the edge of the world.

"DESIRE SURGED IN ME LIKE A RIPTIDE. SHE QUIVERED WITH NEED IN MY ARMS."

Grinning, I snorkeled up and dove into the gentle surf. It was unbelievably gorgeous beneath the emerald surface. Colorful sea life darted everywhere. There was indeed a panorama of eye-catching coral to explore. I swam about, enjoying the exertion, flexing every muscle and feeling more physically alive than I had in some while.

I went out farther, still skimming under the surface and breathing through the snorkel. The silty underwater terrain sloped off sharply, and I gazed out at the deeper vista of the open sea.

And there, just beyond the drop-off, I saw her. She was in diving gear—a tank strapped to her back, diving mask affixed, fins on her feet. And nothing else on. Except for the equipment necessary for her dive, she was utterly nude.

In my memory I keep several all-time erotic images. They are pictures seared forever in my mind, moments that capture the absolute loveliness of the female body. For instance, in my head—ready to be called up at an instant's notice—is the image of a woman who picked me up in a bar in New Orleans. She'd taken me back to her French Quarter apartment, where we'd fucked like mad beneath her bedroom's spinning ceiling fan. It had been sultry hot then, too.

But my memory was fixed on a moment afterward, when I'd gone to get a drink of water and was coming back to bed. I stood in the doorway and saw her lying across the disheveled covers. Her skin glistened as the fan's blades stirred her dark hair, which lay half across her fine-boned face. In the soft light she was exquisite, like a masterwork of feminine beauty.

My cock blazed back into full hardness, and we fucked like crazy all over again. But it was that single flawless image I took away with me. I had a collection of such mental snapshots, a carnal cache I could randomly peruse, reminders of good times and lovely ladies.

Now, I had a new image to add to my stockpile: this naked woman, deep in the water where the shafts of tropical sunlight just brushed her bare flesh. She hung there, kicking her finned feet in slow motion.

Her body was a freckled ivory—I

could tell even at my distance. Her legs, as they moved, showed lines of toned muscle. But her thighs looked creamy smooth. Her pussy was clean-shaven, her belly tight and flat. Her breasts were lush mounds, tipped with nipples as vividly pink as some of the coral I'd just viewed.

Something about the contrast of the diving gear with the grace of her nude form touched me deeply. It was like when you see a classic painting that you just get. It reaches you on some unfathomable aesthetic, warming your soul.

The sight of this woman beneath the water brought the general seething eroticism of Ecstasy into sharp focus. She seemed to embody all the exotic beauty I'd experienced since arriving there. The slow simmer I'd been feeling became a raging heat. Desire tingled through me. My cock stirred in the swim trunks I wore.

She had been turning my way when I'd appeared over the shelf of sea bottom. She faced me now. Obviously reactions were slowed down by the water, but I didn't see her flinch or recoil. Her fin-clad feet continued to move smoothly. I couldn't see much of her face behind the mask and mouthpiece.

But she made no effort, it seemed, to hide her nakedness from me. She dangled there, out over the abyss, like some alluring sea creature. Her bare body undulated as her long red hair trailed out past the air tank.

She waved at me.

Grinning around the snorkel, I waved back. What was I supposed to do? But I didn't stop staring. I was caught in her watery spell.

When she finally turned away, still evidently completely unselfconscious, I beheld the sweet pale swells of her ripe ass. She moved off, farther outward. Her body stood out against the depth's deeper shadows. I watched her until she was practically out of sight.

But that initial image stayed branded into my brain. It had already joined that elite pantheon of erotic imagery, which I would carry with me all my days. Even though this encounter hadn't led to sex, I still felt like something special had transpired between us.

I swam back from the edge, stood up out of the water and looked around. I saw a boat half behind the next islet along the archipelago. Had she dived from there?

I thought about swimming over,

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but that seemed intrusive. When my boatman showed up, I considered having him take me to the other vessel, but what would I say if I saw her? "Hi, I'm the guy who was ogling you in the water before." Well, I still had that permanent mental picture of her. I wondered if she regularly went diving in the nude.

Back on the main island that evening, I naturally looked around for her. Maybe if we met under normal circumstances, we could chuckle about our earlier encounter. I wondered if she'd noticed the hard-on in my swim trunks.

But I saw no freckly redheads as I walked the streets around the hotel. I stopped here and there for a drink and a bite to eat. The night air was fragrant, the temperature perfect. I found myself wandering back onto the beach, to a lonesome stretch of it.

Heat still radiated from the white sands, but I kicked off my shoes anyway. Then on impulse I shed my shirt. A breeze perfumed by the sea caressed my bare torso. The steady sound of the incoming waves was hypnotic.

She sprang into my head, my lovely seaborne nymph. In a happy daze, I hooked my thumbs into my waistband and peeled the shorts down my legs. This was a hedonistic paradise. Nobody was going to care if they saw me naked. Besides, no one was around.

The tropical air enveloped my naked body. My cock had been brought to life by the memory of the diving woman. Dreamily, I strode toward the water. It was a frothing blackness beneath the night sky, away from the lights of the island's commercial strip. Warm waves slapped against me. When I was thigh-deep, I dove forward, letting the enchanted sea take me fully into its embrace.

I didn't worry about my clothes left ashore. I didn't worry about anything. I swam out past the waves, finding myself under a glittering expanse of stars. All the tensions I'd brought to these islands were finally gone. I was rejuvenated. I had been saved by Ecstasy.

A grin split my face. I chanced a look back toward the beach, and suddenly my heart lurched. I swiped a hand over my eyes to make sure I was really seeing what I thought I was seeing.

A statuesque woman was standing on the sand. Her long hair lifted in the gentle breeze. It was strawberry red in the moonlight. Casually, as if it were the most natural thing she could do, she took off her articles of clothing, dropping them where I'd left mine.

She stood nude in the night's silvery light. Her pale body seemed to glow. With elegant strides she walked into the oncoming waves that broke over her thighs. Sea spray and foam splashed across her high, firm breasts.

She dove forward into the surf, heading directly toward where I was treading water. My cock was now blazingly hard. Excitement electrified my every muscle. I saw her beneath the star-mirrored surface of the sea, a beautiful bare shape darting smoothly toward me.

No doubt, I had taken this nighttime skinny-dip because of seeing her earlier. Now there she was, literally in the flesh. It was like I'd conjured her, an oceanic maiden of stunning splendor, a creature of lust and fantasy.

But she was no spirit. Her face lifted out of the water right before me. Her hair was plastered to her skull and shoulders. The upper slopes of her breasts broke the surface as she emerged. I gazed at her. Without the diving mask in the way, I saw how truly lovely her features were. Her eyes glinted like green gemstones. She smiled. Then, coyly, she lifted a hand from the water and waved at me from a foot away.

The sea rolled around us. The movement pushed me toward her. She caught my arms, and her grip was strong. Our bodies moved together, causing her tits to press against my chest and my cock to brush her flat belly.

Wordlessly, she put her mouth on mine. I tasted the water's brine on her lips. But those lips parted and so did

mine, and our tongues met. The kiss deepened. I wrapped my arms around her, even as we both continued to tread water. Her body was slippery in my hold, but she was rubbing deliberately on my cock. I felt her stiff nipples press into me.

We hung there in the water, with the random motions of the sea shifting us one way, then the other. We kissed voraciously, tongues tangling and urgent moans rising from each of us. Desire surged in me like a riptide. She quivered with need in my arms.

It was time to get back to shore. Maybe we could grab our stuff and head to my hotel room. Maybe–

She apparently had another idea. She turned and started swimming parallel to the beach. I followed, seeing the luscious knolls of her ass flashing above the water, beneath the starlight. We swam on a short distance, then turned toward the land.

She'd led us to a segment of beach where the tropical trees grew down near the waterline. She rose from the water, dripping, and walked toward the trees' cover. Now not even a casual observer would spot us.

Water streamed off me as I followed, feet sinking in the still-warm sand. My hard cock waggled before me. My mouth still tingled from her kiss. She was kneeling on the sand. I moved to join her, but she stopped me with a raised hand. I stood before her.

She took my cock in her hand. The contact made me jump, and my dick twitched in her grip. She stroked my shaft, gazing at me hungrily. She settled a cradling hand around my balls and moved her mouth toward my staff.

I stood rigidly on the sand, anticipation making me dizzy. Her warm breath tickled my dick, just before her tongue rolled itself around the smooth, rounded cap of my cockhead. My eyes briefly drifted shut from the intense sensations rocketing through my body. Her lips enclosed me, and when I looked again, she was diligently sucking her way down my shaft.

"I WATCHED MYSELF DISAPPEAR INTO HER MOUTH, EVERY THROBBING INCH."

Moonlight fell through the overhead fronds of the trees. I watched myself disappear into her mouth, every throbbing inch. Rivulets of water were still trickling down my limbs, but now a sheen of sweat moistened me all over again. The warm night air made my skin prickle as the trees creaked softly around us.

My flame-haired beauty sucked me down to where her hand gently held my balls. My cockhead was in her throat, her gag reflex evidently under her complete control. She drew the tight circle of her lips back up my shaft, then dropped her mouth down me once more.

She fell into a steady rhythm, her head bobbing and her neck muscles standing out. The strands of her wet hair were spread across her shoulders like a spider's web. Her tongue wriggled up and down my cock. The suction of her mouth was intense, and pleasure overwhelmed me.

When my hips started to helplessly thrust, I tried to pull away. Maybe she wouldn't want me shooting off in her mouth. I was wrong. With her hand around my nutsac, she could tell I was fast approaching the point of no return. She continued to blow me; her lips remained sealed around my cock.

A deep shudder started in me. It seemed to emanate from my marrow, spreading outward. The bliss mounted, then it took me utterly. With a final intense tremor, my orgasm tore from me and I blasted into her mouth.

She held on, not letting a spurt

EROTICA

escape. She kneaded my balls, intensifying what was already a mind-shattering climax. The star-strewn sky wheeled overhead as she swallowed my load, making happy mewling noises as she did.

Finally, I staggered back. She smiled, sitting back on the sand. I dropped heavily to my knees—but desire hadn't left me when I'd come. Passion still buzzed in me, though I'd need a few minutes to recover.

In the meantime I eyed my lover, her pale body so alluring. I crawled toward her. She lay back, lifting her knees and spreading her legs, just as I'd wanted. As yet, we still hadn't said a word to each other. None seemed necessary.

Her pussy gleamed, lovely and hairless. I inhaled her aroused aroma as I lay belly-down between her legs. I turned to kiss each of her silken inner thighs in turn, then settled my mouth over her cleft.

I tasted the sea again as I licked her. She responded with a wriggle of pleasure. Her knees closed around my shoulders. I slid my tongue up and down her slit before parting her pussy lips.

Now I got a true taste of her, though the ocean's saltiness stayed on my tongue, mixing with her more complex flavor. I delved deeper to find her juices flowing freely. The womanly essence of her seemed electrically alive. She made growling sounds, her hips jerking under her as her excitement peaked.

I worked her clit delicately, coaxing the swelling bud toward greater arousal. As she writhed, I licked it harder, then caught her clit between my lips and applied a soft pressure. Her growl turned into gasps and wordless exclamations of lust.

She wound a hand into my damp hair and thrust her pussy against my face, jamming herself against my mouth. I ate her with a feral intensity, being as merciless as she'd been when sucking me off. I was aware of my cock stirring again, a fresh wave of desire building within me.

Her flowing juices became a sudden flood. Her warm taste streamed into my open mouth as she cried out, locking my face against her pussy for a count of ten. Then she released my hair and fell back with a happy groan.

Panting, I sat up, my chin practically dripping. My cock had sprung to full hardness once more, and desire beat wildly within me. She lay before me on the sand, in our private little grove. It was like we had the entire island to ourselves, free to explore one another, to take and give every iota of ecstasy possible.

As wordless as ever I moved up onto her. Her damp body drew me like a magnet. She pulled me into a kiss, no doubt getting a serious taste of her own pussy, just as the residue of my come stung my tongue.

“I WORKED HER CLIT DELICATELY, COAXING THE BUD TOWARD GREATER AROUSAL.”

Her breasts heaved as her excited breaths lifted them. I settled in to position and trailed my cockhead up and down her well-lapped groove. She squirmed, desire stark on her face. This nameless woman of the sea wanted me just as badly as I needed her.

I sank my cock into her pussy, and the grasp of her was warm and slick. I sank easily into her sopping channel. Beneath me, her lovely body undulated, her swimmer’s muscles strong. Her arms slid over my back, her fingers digging into my shoulders as her knees lifted.

I drove myself to her center, my cockhead throbbing at her core. A new tide of pleasure pulled at my being. I let it take me. I plunged into her again and again. It was as though the ocean was around us once more, its surging might moving us.

We rocked together, two castaways clutching one another. Our wet bodies smacked together as my cock plowed her depths. Her pussy flowed anew as she met my thrusts, lifting her ass off the sand. The sultry night sizzled around us. I heard the roar of waves as if they were in my skull. I fucked her like she was a siren who’d lured me onto the rocks.

Our climax this time was shared—a mad mutual eruption of straining limbs, raw cries, and jetting juices.

It truly was Ecstasy.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

NATURAL WONDERS

A free-spirited gal takes a former city slicker to the great outdoors—and unlocks his wild side.

Recently, I discovered what being an outdoorsman really entails. A few years ago, if someone had asked me if I was one, I would have shrugged my shoulders and said, "Sure, I guess so." Ever since I was a Boy Scout, I've enjoyed tramping through the woods and swimming in ponds. I've hunted and fished and done some camping, but it was all on weekends or vacations, nothing serious. Now, however, I see that my former outdoor activities were strictly kids' stuff.

You see, a few years ago I went through a major life change. I was the stereotypical man in the gray flannel suit with my boring job in the city, riding the railroad diligently every morning and reading the business section of the paper as I sipped tepid coffee. My marriage was just okay. Not exactly skyrockets in flight, but it wasn't *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* either. My wife and I got along fine, but it took us 10 years to realize that something was missing, and we had an amicable parting of the ways.

At 35, I was at a crossroads and needed to make a change. I started by taking a lower-paying but far more emotionally satisfying job near the semi-rural town where I now live. I began exercising more and quickly lost 10 pounds, and used the extra time I'd previously spent commuting to get involved with a group of local people who liked to take day hikes. That's how I met Cheryl.

I hadn't done any dating since I split with my wife, not feeling the need to rush back into things. So I was really surprised when Cheryl asked me out! She is a good 10 years younger than me and an absolute knockout: a doe-eyed, athletic go-getter. Her long chestnut-brown hair is streaked with blonde, and her dark eyes always have a hint of mischief in them. I was gaga at first sight and mystified that she sent any attention my way. But I'm sure glad she did.

Cheryl lives to be outdoors. She has a job at a local wildlife refuge and thus spends almost every minute of her workday in the wilderness. There she does things like counting endangered species or helping relocate animals deeper into the wild, away from civilization. She can identify almost every bit of flora that we come across in our hikes, and she knows the calls for every bird that's indigenous to North America.

"THERE WAS THIS DELIGHTFUL SPRITE, PRANCING AROUND ME IN THE ALTOGETHER."

For our first few dates, we did what most couples do—go to dinner, the movies, stuff like that. Though her usual uniform was khakis and hiking boots, she looked damn good in a slinky red dress the night I took her dancing. When the time came for us to be intimate, we christened our relationship in an old-fashioned four-poster bed in her little cabin tucked in the woods. We explored every inch of one another that night, and I marveled at her luminescent natural beauty.

Though things were going well, I could tell she wasn't completely satisfied with our relationship, and I thought I knew what she needed: a getaway. Though I was willing to wait for her to tell me in her own time, I figured it wouldn't hurt to urge her on a little bit. I mentioned I had some vacation time coming up at the end of summer, and she patiently waited me out. "Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"Shenandoah," was her answer.

Cheryl loved Shenandoah National Park. She tried to get there at least once a year, and not just for the scenic three-hour cruise down Skyline Drive. No, she liked to get off the road and camp out. That was fine by me. I'm no Grizzly Adams, but I'm capable of spending a few nights in a tent and a sleeping bag, especially if I get to snuggle up with a girl like Cheryl.

We left on a beautifully sunny day. Cheryl drove, and we headed down Skyline Drive from the north entrance and followed the road for about 50 miles. It's really a beautiful trip. The speed limit is something like 35 mph, so you can take your sweet time and enjoy the scenery. It seems like every mile or so there's an overlook that allows you a breathtaking view of the valley.

Finally, Cheryl found the spot where she wanted to park. It was late afternoon, and she said we had a few miles or so to hike to our campsite. I shouldered the heavy backpack she'd stuffed full of provisions and followed her as she ambled nimbly down an embankment, shuffling through bramble and brush. It was a pretty steep slope, and it took me a moment

to adjust the weight of the back on my back. I didn't tumble headfirst, though, somehow managing to stay upright. Eventually, we hit a path, and I followed Cheryl as she hiked down it. The descent was fairly easy, made all the more pleasant by the view of her firm legs. There were also the sights, sounds and smells of the forest around me. We had only been hiking 15 minutes, yet I felt like I was completely away from civilization.

It was starting to get dark when Cheryl announced we had reached our campsite. Rules about where people can camp in the park are pretty stringent and a permit is necessary, but Cheryl had been there before and took care of all that. We pitched our tent–which was really nothing more than an oblong nylon cube–heated up our camp stove and enjoyed a dinner of franks and beans. Then we just kicked back and looked up at the stars, talking for hours about everything and nothing.

Eventually, it was time to turn in. After making sure our food was strung up so bears couldn't get at it, we climbed inside a double-size sleeping bag and huddled together in our little cocoon. Since it was fairly warm, we were in shorts and T-shirts. I was lying on my side, and Cheryl was behind me, spooned up against my back. Soon I was dozing off, thinking how nice it was to have her warm body next to mine, and then I felt her hand snaking over my hip and closer to my groin.

"What are you doing?" I whispered as her fingers circled around my crotch and grabbed hold of my thickening cock through my shorts.

Shushing me, Cheryl started fondling my dick and balls. She pulled my erection out of my clothes and then pushed me onto my back before sliding down inside the unzipped sleeping bag. I soon felt her lips wrap around my cockhead. As it was pitch black, I

LETTER OF THE MONTH

couldn't see what she was doing, but I knew a blowjob when I felt one.

Normally when a girl is sucking my cock I'm looking right at her. I enjoy watching and making eye contact while her lips slide up and down my pole. But I couldn't do that in the darkness, and I realized my other senses were free to experience what was going on around me. I could hear all the untamed sounds of the forest—the peepers, the crickets, the swaying boughs of the pine trees. I could smell the pine, too, just like the air freshener in my car, only stronger and sweeter and more natural. And, of course, there was the amazing feeling of Cheryl's tongue, teeth and fingers on my cock and balls.

The air in the tent grew warm as I fell into a reverie, completely immersed in Cheryl's warm mouth as well as the chirping, the peeping and the whispering of the wind. It wasn't long before an orgasm welled up within me. Seeming to emanate from my entire body, it then concentrated in my balls and bubbled up out of my cock. It washed over me quickly and powerfully, but Cheryl was ready and made small grunting noises as she swallowed my load. Then she moved back up and snuggled against me, whispering into my ear, "Sorry, but sleeping outside makes me very horny. I couldn't resist."

"Sorry?" I replied. "Nothing to be sorry about." I then started rubbing her leg. "Anything I can do for you?"

I heard her snigger, so I took over. I walked my fingers up her leg to her stomach and deftly slid the waistband of her shorts down. I could smell the aroma of her excitement and then felt the heat and wetness of her cunt as I sank two fingers deep inside. She moaned as I finger-fucked her, rubbing my thumb against her clit. She was seeping like a spring, drenching my hand, and it wasn't very long before she bucked against me and came. She trembled as I held her, and before I knew it I was fast asleep, exhausted from the day's activities.

The next morning we awoke with the sun, had some breakfast and then continued our hike. Cheryl told me we were headed for Naked Creek. I laughed, and she shot me a look—not one of disapproval at my immaturity, but more of a "you don't know what's in store for you, buster" look. Soon I heard the sounds of the bubbling water, and after pushing through a thicket, there it was.

It was fairly substantial for a creek, more like a small, shallow river. Cheryl sat on the bank and pulled off her boots and socks, and then stepped into the water. "Ooh, it feels good," she said.

"It's not too cold?" I asked before taking off my boots and socks.

"No, it's very refreshing," she called out, kicking the water with her long, slender feet.

I joined her, and after a minute or two the water felt fine. We chased each other a bit, and it was great to act like a kid. Finding a nice flat rock in the middle of the creek, we stood on it, feeling the breeze slowly caress us. No one else was around, so I held her in my arms and gave her a deep French kiss. She reciprocated by wiggling her tongue into my mouth, and damn if I didn't get a hard-on standing on that rock in the middle of Naked Creek.

Then Cheryl took a step back, crossed her arms, grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and in a swift motion pulled it off, dropping it to the side. Her bra followed, and she was topless. Before I could even react she took a quick look around her and then kicked out of her khakis. Her underwear went next. In just a few moments she had stripped completely nude.

She grinned at me and began skipping across the creek. I stood like a statue on the rock, my cock still hard. I must have appeared ridiculous, because Cheryl looked back at me and laughed out loud.

"What's the matter? You've never skinny-dipped before?"

I had to stop and think, and the answer was no. Incredibly, I had never been naked and outside at the same time, other than an outdoor shower at a campground. But there was this delightful wood sprite, prancing around me in the altogether, her nipples at attention, and I was ready to redress some previous wrongs!

I took a look around, not wanting to be nabbed by a park ranger, and quickly joined Cheryl in her nudity. When my boxer shorts pooled around my ankles, I felt a sensation that's difficult to describe as anything but totally invigorating. The combination of the gentle breeze, the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the water was a recipe for sexual reawakening. My cock bobbed as I chased Cheryl across the creek. She splashed water on me and that slowed me down, at least for a moment.

After getting accustomed to the water, I was able to wade in up to my waist, the silty bottom squishing between my toes. Cheryl cozied up to me, and we kissed while the sounds of twittering birds echoed in the background. She got frisky and grabbed my cock, which had flagged due to the temperature of the water. I cupped her ass cheeks in my hands and we pressed against one another.

"I LINED UP MY COCK WITH HER PUSSY LIPS AND PARTED THEM WITH ONE THRUST."

"I don't think anything's going to happen in this water," she murmured. So, after grabbing our discarded clothing from the rock, she led me across the creek to a mossy spot on the bank. It was nice and soft and shady, and it was fairly well secluded from anyone who might walk by on the other side of the creek.

We huddled together and rubbed our chilled legs against each other.

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Once again Cheryl had her hands on my cock, and it slowly regained consciousness. I had other ideas, though, seeing her naked body lying before me. I made a quick move, and she opened her thighs, so I took a quick swipe of her pussy with my tongue and tasted the creek water. After a few more well-placed licks, though, I tasted a different liquid.

"I EMPTIED MY LOAD INSIDE HER AS MY GROANS ECHOED IN THE VAST FOREST."

Placing her feet on my shoulders, Cheryl reclined fully, eager to let me do my work.

At first it felt a little funny to be crouched on my knees with my ass fully exposed to the open air. But then this wave of intoxication came over me. My face was fully focused on Cheryl's wet cunt, and I lapped up her nectar as I buzz-sawed her clit and rubbed my fingers over her red labia. All I felt beneath me was the soft moss. I got completely lost in the moment. No session of cunnilingus in a bedroom could approach the rich sensations of that experience.

Cheryl was digging it, too. She's very orgasmic, and it didn't take me long to push her to the edge. Though I made her dangle there for a while, teasing her by letting up and taking her breasts into my mouth while I finger-fucked her. Her nipples were as dark red and as bumpy as raspberries. I could tell she wanted to scream, but being in the outdoors, we both kept a respectful silence. Nevertheless, she couldn't keep completely quiet when she finally came, squeezing her thighs around my ears as I once again tongued her puffy clit.

My face coated with her excitement, I lay back against her and felt the shivers that still ran through her body. Then she noticed I was at full-staff and once again stroked my cock. After licking it from tip to balls, she squatted above me and skewered herself on my spike. I looked straight up at the sun filtering through the oak leaves, and that weird rush overcame me again. I almost felt like I was spinning, and when a gust of wind came up I could imagine that we were both floating in the treetops. But Cheryl kept me tethered to the earth, slamming her hips down on me as I thrust myself upward, meeting each of her downward movements.

After a few minutes she got up off me and announced softly, "I want you to fuck me doggy-style."

We repositioned ourselves, and I took a moment to appreciate her ass as it waved at me. I lined up my cock with her shiny pussy lips and parted them with one sure thrust. Cheryl grunted, and I imagined that we were two wild animals, rutting the way nature intended. Never before had we fucked quite so savagely. I grabbed hold of her long dark hair and held it firmly as I pounded her. I could tell she liked that, so I tugged a bit harder and somehow managed to fill more of her channel with my cock. I felt her cunt muscles squeeze me and then there I was, exploding like a bursting dam. I emptied my load inside her as my groans echoed in the vast forest.

The rest of the day was spent on a long nature walk. It included such spectacular sights as a sparkling waterfall and a whitetail deer having lunch only a few feet away from our own picnic. We took our time, and

occasionally our unquenched ardor got the better of us and we would stop to fool around a bit. But following our post-swim interlude, we managed to keep our clothes on—at least, until we got back to camp.

It was nearly dusk, so we cuddled together. It would have been nice to have a campfire, but that's not allowed in the Shenandoah backcountry. Cheryl told me that after having sex outdoors for the first time—back when she was in college—she became hooked. She sensed I might be a little uptight about it and wanted to take me to the right setting for my first time instead of settling for the backyard. This park was a favorite spot of hers, she confessed.

"So, I'm not the first guy you've brought to Naked Creek?" I teased her.

"No, but I hope this is the first of many visits with you," she answered.

I responded with a long, deep kiss, and as the stars grew brighter and the sky grew darker, I removed my fantastic girlfriend's clothing until she was once again naked. Then I stripped down as well, and we snaked together on top of our open sleeping bag. This time we fucked slowly, in the missionary position, sucking on each other's tongues as I rhythmically thrust my cock in and out of her silken pussy.

We both came twice before finally turning in. The rest of our time at Shenandoah was spent taking more hikes and another trip to Naked Creek, where we were able once more to go au naturel and make love with nothing but the sky overhead.

By the time we packed up and headed for home, I was ready for clean sheets and food that wasn't freeze-dried or from a can. But I'll never forget how it felt to be naked and free in the great outdoors.

Cheryl's already circled the days on the calendar for our next adventure.

–D.W., via email

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LETTERS

TRUE CONFESSIONS

I WANT TO WATCH

A curious wife's request breathes new excitement into a married couple's love life.

By Zach Warner

Sharing your life with someone for an extended period has its good points, and its bad ones. As the years pass, you become accustomed to having that person nearby. You get used to having them walk next to you down the sidewalk on a Saturday night or through the park on a warm spring day. You miss their presence when they're away on business trips, finding that you can't sleep as soundly when they're not on their side of the bed. Life becomes routine, a ritual that is played out day after day, and you're both comfortable with it because it simply feels right.

That's not to say there aren't downsides, however, and this was a fact I gradually came to realize as my marriage moved toward its tenth year. Though Michelle and I still loved one another and supported each other through good times and bad, our sex life had cooled considerably from those first years of wedded bliss. My wife had never really been wild or particularly open to experimenting with new ideas, but at least during the early days of our marriage our youthful exuberance usually made up for such reservations. As with everything else, sex became predictable, with my wife content to have it only periodically and in one of the usual positions.

That all changed, though, very early on a Sunday morning two years ago.

It was still dark outside as I rose from the depths of sleep and became aware of the deliciously pleasurable feeling that can only be delivered by a mouth moving up and down my erect cock. Lifting my head off the pillow, I looked down to see Michelle, her naked body illuminated by the moonlight filtering through the window. Her head was bobbing slowly up and down on my erection in a rhythm she knew I would find maddeningly pleasurable. One of her hands was softly stroking my balls, her fingernails tickling the sensitive skin just behind my scrotum.

It wasn't unheard of for us to have sex before daybreak, but it wasn't exactly a regular occurrence, either. The part that really shocked me about the whole thing was that Michelle had been out late the previous night to the home of her friend, Stacey. Stacey was getting married in a few days, and Michelle and some other friends had thrown her a party. I'd laughed when Michelle had called it a "bachelorette party." After all, I knew most of the ladies who would be attending the event, and I was pretty sure none of them would be comfortable with the shenanigans that had come to characterize the typical bachelorette festivities. She hadn't come home yet when I'd fallen asleep shortly after midnight, though, so I figured they might very well be having a good time. As it was well past her normal bedtime, I would have thought she would have come home and gone straight to sleep, but her mouth on my cock was evidence to the contrary.

"USING HER HAND TO GUIDE ME, SHE WRAPPED MY FINGERS AROUND MY SHAFT."

Not that I was complaining, of course.

Michelle continued her ministrations, and while my intention was to simply lie still and allow her to completely control the situation, I knew it was a useless effort. After several moments and almost without any conscious effort, I began to rock my hips in time to her motions. She gave no indication that she registered my movements, instead continuing to work at the same pace she had already established. As my anticipation began to heighten, I tried to get her to accelerate her bobbing action, but she stubbornly refused to give in.

And then, she did the unthinkable.

Releasing my erection from her mouth, Michelle sat up and her eyes met mine. A devious smile had formed on her face, and I could see the gleam of saliva on her lips.

"Finish yourself off."

What? My eyes widened in disbelief. Had she changed her mind about what she'd started? Was this some kind of cruel joke she had decided to play on me? Had I done something to make her mad, and now she was getting her revenge?

Thankfully, it was none of the above.

"I've never seen you do it before," she continued, her voice soft and seductive as her hand caressed my chest. "I want to see you stroke yourself and watch you shoot your come all over your stomach."

Coming from Michelle, this frank talk was shocking, but also very exciting. Though I still occasionally masturbated, I had never done so in front of Michelle, or anyone else for that matter. The idea of anyone seeing me during such a private, vulnerable moment should have petrified me with fear, but instead I found myself somewhat aroused by the

notion. Still, her unusual request caught me off guard, and I found myself unsure as to how to proceed.

Michelle leaned back until she was lying beside me on my left side, her hair falling down across my face and chest. She brought her head closer to mine, and we proceeded to kiss, her tongue darting into my mouth with an intensity I hadn't experienced for quite a while. My left arm was pinned beneath the weight of her naked body, but my hand was free enough to stroke the small of her back and her ass. My right hand wandered over to feel the curve of her left breast and my fingers brushed across her nipple, which had already stiffened in arousal. Her body shuddered under my touch, and a small moan escaped her lips as we continued to kiss.

I felt her left arm move, and then her hand took mine and moved it away from her breast, gently pushing it down my chest and over my stomach until it bumped into my still quite prominent erection. Using her own hand to guide me, she wrapped my fingers around my shaft. When I didn't do anything after a few seconds, she pushed and pulled on my hand, urging me to begin pumping my cock.

Okay, so I finally took the hint.

Slowly I began stroking myself, my movements at first hesitant and uncertain. My eyes were closed as my hand moved up and down my shaft, lazily working my erection. I could feel myself relaxing and my excitement starting to build, helped in no small part by Michelle as she moved her hand down to massage my balls. Her thumb and forefinger encircled my scrotum right below the base of my cock and began pulling gently in sync with the rhythm I had established. Leaning in closer, she ran her tongue along the outside of my left ear, the feel of her hot breath on my skin adding to the intensity of the moment.

I felt the familiar tingling that signaled my approaching orgasm and increased the tempo of my stroking. My breathing grew ragged as a groan of pleasure escaped my lips, and Michelle turned her head to look down at my cock. Then I heard her whisper in my ear.

"Do it. Jerk yourself off. Shoot your hot come all over yourself."

That did it. With my hips bucking wildly and my hand pistoning up and down the length of my shaft, a long stream of white semen blasted from the head of my cock, arcing up and splashing across my chest. Another jet of come landed on my stomach, followed by two or three smaller blasts that pooled on my belly and covered my hand. I continued stroking myself for a moment before my fist finally came to rest, still loosely gripping my now-spent erection. As I lay there trying to regain my breath, Michelle leaned closer to me and laid her head on my shoulder.

"You have no idea how sexy that was," she said, as if sensing my returning uncertainty about having performed such a personal, intimate act for an audience. "I don't think I've ever seen anything so erotic."

I was still confused over this startling change in my wife's behavior toward anything sexual. Though I had to admit the experience had been a tremendous turn-on, I wanted to know what had gotten into Michelle. The explanation, surprisingly, came easily enough.

"One of the girls brought a video to the

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party last night," she told me.

"The whole thing was nothing but guys masturbating. I think most of them were gay, but that didn't matter. Watching them stroke their cocks, all I could picture the whole time was what you might look like, lying in our bed and jerking yourself off. It was all I could do to keep from touching myself right there in front of everyone. I couldn't wait to get home to see for myself."

So that was it. Something as simple as a pornographic video had gotten her all riled up. I, of course, had watched X-rated videos many times in the past, but Michelle had never voiced any interest in them before. Further, she'd always seemed to frown at the idea of masturbation, even once telling me it wasn't necessary since she was married. That a single evening at a bachelorette party had caused her to experience such a radical shift in opinion surprised me somewhat, but it also pleased me to no end.

"I wasn't alone, either," she added. "Some of the other girls looked like they felt the same way. My guess is that a few of them had never seen a guy jack off before, either. I'm betting they'll be getting their husbands and boyfriends to put on a show for them, too."

"I CRIED OUT, ANNOUNCING MY ORGASM AS SEMEN ERUPTED FROM MY COCK."

We spent the rest of the morning making love in a more routine fashion, though Michelle did exhibit a far greater level of passion and fire than she normally did. Her heightened excitement was contagious, and we ended up screwing like rabbits throughout the rest of the day. When we finally fell into exhausted slumber that evening, I drifted off to sleep with a satisfied smile on my face.

My initial fear when Monday rolled around was that our previous day's lustful session had been merely a fluke, and that our love life would quickly return to its previous mundane, even boring level. It didn't stop me from reliving Sunday's memories all through my workday, though. More than once I was forced to remain seated at my desk because my daydreams had betrayed me and summoned a straining erection. It was a monumental feat of self-control that kept me from retreating to the men's room for some much-needed relief.

That night, I had settled into bed early, content to relax with a book I had been looking forward to reading. I could hear Michelle moving about in our home office, tending to some paperwork she had brought with her from her accounting job. The sounds of papers shuffling and the clicking of keys on her adding machine drifted down the hall.

As the hour grew later, my eyelids grew heavier. I was contemplating putting my book aside when I detected movement near the bedroom door, and I looked up to see Michelle standing there. She was dressed in the silk Japanese robe I had bought for her during a recent overseas business trip. The sensual smile she wore on her lips told me I should forget about going to sleep anytime soon.

She walked slowly toward the bed, and I saw she was carrying something in her left hand. It was a small bottle of baby oil.

"I've been thinking about you all day," she said, her voice low and sultry. "I think I need to see an encore performance."

Her request wasn't nearly as shocking as it had been the previous day.

In fact, my cock immediately began to stiffen at the thought of picking up where we had left off. My arousal was compounded as Michelle opened her robe and allowed it to drop to the floor, revealing her naked body. Her tanned skin glowing in the soft light of our bedroom.

It was then that I decided it was time to even the score. Michelle had coerced me into allowing her to watch one of my most private, unguarded moments, and therefore, I felt it was only fair she

permit me to witness her bringing herself to orgasm. As I broached the idea of watching her, I saw her smile melt somewhat, a small frown of concern threatening to take its place.

"I don't know," she said, clearly not comfortable with the notion. I decided it would be better not to phrase it in a manner that suggested I was out to get even. Rather, I explained that since she had been so turned on by my little session of self-love, it only made sense that watching her masturbate would have the same effect on me. Michelle relaxed a bit with that explanation, but it was clear she didn't feel she could stimulate herself to climax without some kind of help. Her mischievous smile returned as she asked, "Maybe you could do it at the same time, you know, to give me a little incentive."

It seemed a more than fair price to pay, I decided. At her prompting, I lay back on the bed and she lay atop me, supporting her weight on her knees and elbows with her head near my crotch. Looking up, I was delighted to see her neatly trimmed pubic hair and the pink folds of her pussy, her intoxicating scent filling my nostrils.

Taking the bottle of baby oil, Michelle flooded my hand with it.

Needing no further instruction, I quickly rubbed the oil over my erection, feeling the heat of my excitement as my cock responded to the attention. Then I simply lay back and waited, not saying anything until Michelle finally brought her own hand down to her pussy. Her fingers were tentative at first as she explored her vaginal folds, but she soon began to trace a path along the outside of her lips, losing her inhibitions.

Within a few minutes, Michelle rested her head along the inside of my left thigh, continuing to stroke herself and boldly caressing her swollen clit between her thumb and forefinger. I listened as her breathing quickened, and every so often a moan escaped her lips. It was both fascinating and highly erotic, and as I watched I began to realize it was also very educational. Unlike my own past attempts to bring her off with my hand, Michelle's movements possessed none of the rabid clumsiness that characterized my own technique. Her fingers moved with a practiced confidence as if choreographed, their dance bringing forth a pleasure that had always escaped my own comparatively awkward efforts. As I became lost in the almost hypnotic scene playing out before me, my own urgent need for release was nearly forgotten, save for the pulsing of my cock as it rested in my oil-saturated hand.

"HER LIPS FOUND THE HEAD OF MY COCK, GIVING IT A FINAL SENSUAL KISS."

Michelle hadn't forgotten, though. "Do it," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "Stroke your cock." I was almost afraid to, my excitement having grown to such a fevered pitch that I was certain the most casual movement on my part would result in me losing myself to a thunderous orgasm.

Her movements were more frenzied now, any remnants of shyness or embarrassment gone as her fingers furiously massaged her clit. Her breathing was more frantic, and even her hips had begun to sway in time with her hand. The sounds coming from her mouth had transformed from whimpers of pleasure to full-bodied moans of lust, and I knew it wouldn't be long before her climax consumed her. I couldn't help but renew my own stroking, the baby oil intensifying the sensations I felt as my hand worked

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the length of my bloated cock.

"Oh God!" Michelle breathed. She arched her back and rose up fully on her knees, her entire body shuddering violently in the throes of orgasm. She kept up the furious rubbing of her clit all through her climax, her body trembling with blissful convulsions as she lost all control and surrendered to the pure pleasure engulfing her.

In response to the intensely sexual sight before me, and with my cock enclosed in its oily grip, my hand moved faster and faster, taking on a life of its own as I stroked myself toward my own climax.

"That's it," Michelle encouraged me, her voice cracking under the strain of her own release. "Do it. Come for me now."

I couldn't stand it any longer. Seconds later, I cried out in that near mix of pain and pleasure, announcing my orgasm as semen erupted from my twitching cock. It splashed across my stomach and covered my still stroking hand. Both of us spent the next moments riding the waves of our pleasure, gripping one another tightly as the intense feelings washed over us.

As my orgasm began to subside, Michelle finally relaxed and allowed her body to sink down fully onto me. My own body received one last bit of torture as her lips found the head of my cock, sucking it into her mouth and giving it a final sensual kiss.

Though we had both been hesitant about the idea of masturbating in front of one another, that stigma has now been lifted. The two incredible days we spent exploring this previously unknown aspect of our sex lives resulted in some of the most intense lovemaking Michelle and I have shared since the early days of our marriage. Even two years after those fateful days, neither one of us can resist the rush of excitement and eroticism that comes from hearing those four simple words: "I want to watch."

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LETTERS

GIRL MEETS GIRL

1 PARTY GIRLS

Frankie rounded the corner, and I managed to see her, despite the shitty low light at the party. Just spotting her made my pussy get wet, and I took off after her. As I sped up, I bounced off a huge tattooed guy, spilled my vodka and cranberry on my black tee, and just kept going. The black would hide the juice stain, but if I lost Frankie I might also lose my chance to hook up with her again.

As I came down the hall, she was heading into the small bathroom, one of the few private places in the whole house. As the door swung shut, I realized—miracle of miracles—there wasn't a line of people waiting to get in. I guessed it wasn't late enough in the night.

After a few minutes, the faucet sprang to life behind the closed door. I sang the alphabet under my breath, and when I hit "Z," the flow stopped.

I was laughing when she opened the door. I pushed forward, blocking her with my body and backing her into the tiny room. Her back hit the wall, and her mouth popped open, but I didn't give her a chance to speak. I kissed her instead.

She froze for a second and then kissed me back. Her hands came up to tug my hair and twist it around her fingers.

I hissed. She always liked to hurt me a little bit, and I liked it right back.

I moved us so she was angled slightly, then I gave her ass a hard swat.

She jumped, shivered and kissed me again, nipping my lower lip with her teeth. The sudden bite of pain shot straight to my cunt, and my internal muscles flexed around nothing. I wanted to get on my knees and eat her until she wept. Instead, I pulled back, looked into her big blue eyes, and asked, "How have you been?"

"Single," she gasped, "and busy. Lots of work, and lots of school." She pinched my nipple through my shirt, surprising me. "How about you?"

"Single. Horny. Daydreaming about you today. And ta-da, the universe must have heard me—because here you are. You and that sweet, sweet ass of yours."

She laughed, but I accentuated my comment by hauling her against me and squeezing her butt. I ground myself against her, nuzzling her neck where it met her shoulder. Somehow, kissing and biting her there always made her nipples pebbles and her pussy turn into a river.

She shivered, and I felt her nubs—now hard and erect—brush against my chest. My own nipples hardened in response. She always worked me up. Fuck, just thinking about her worked me up.

I popped the button on her jeans, and she halted me. "What if someone comes in?"

"No one's out there. The crowd's not big enough yet for a drunken bathroom line." I tugged her zipper down while staring her in the eye, waiting to see if she'd stop me. She didn't.

She blinked, licked her lips, and then shoved her hands beneath my shirt and started squeezing my tits. I groaned, feeling my cunt go warm and gooey.

"You're making me hot, girl," I said. I found her clit and swept my fingertip back and forth against it.

Her eyes fell shut, and her head tilted back against the wall. I played with her a moment longer, liking the way she moved so restlessly against me.

"You like that?"

She tried to nod but failed.

I grinned and asked, "You want more?"

Another almost nod.

"Say it for me, princess."

"Yes. More," Frankie managed to utter.

"Full sentences, Frances," I said in my most stern voice.

Her eyes popped open, and she said, "Yes, more please. Put your fingers in me."

I kissed her hard. Getting her to say what she wanted was like pulling teeth, but when I finally got her to speak up, she would tell me bluntly. Like a good girl.

I slid a finger into her. Her tight, wet sheath squeezed my fingers. I couldn't

wait to taste her. She was always sweet and amazing. She always came with a gush. And she always begged me so beautifully when she got close to climaxing.

"Another, another," she panted, now that she was in a talkative mood.

I bit her shoulder through her shirt and felt her cunt clench around me. So I did as she asked. I aimed to please Frankie, always, and pushed my middle finger into her tiny cunt. I fucked her slowly, moving my lips along her neck and occasionally watching her face as she tried to be quiet. The party was raging around us, but I was sure she was imagining people would hear her if she made any noise at all.

I flexed my fingers inside her, and she whimpered. "Good?" I asked.

"Good, good. More," she pleaded. "Just like that."

I pressed my thumb to her clit as I flexed my fingers in her pussy. She shot her hips forward, squeezed her cunt muscles around me and clutched my shoulders like she was afraid she'd float away.

I kissed her mouth, her throat, her shoulder. I followed the path of my kisses with my teeth, scraping and biting her.

She came, pressing her lips together so tightly they looked pale.

That's when the banging started on the door, followed by: "You've been in there forever! Did you die? Other people have to go, too!"

She started to giggle, and I followed suit. I shook my head and then pinned her with my gaze. "Don't think we're done. We're going to find another venue to finish up this private party."

She nodded and took my hand when I offered it to her. I opened the door and stared down the drunk dude who'd been hammering on it before leading Frankie down the hall.

We ducked into the first empty room we could find. She flicked the lock on the door and shoved me hard between

"I BIT HER SHOULDER THROUGH HER SHIRT AND FELT HER CUNT CLENCH AROUND ME."

my tits to knock me onto my back. I fell down on the bed easily, bouncing and laughing.

"Glad to see you're into this," I told her.

"Shut up, and take off your clothes."

I shook my head but obeyed, watching her peel off her tee and her jeans at the same time. She was built like a ballerina—small, lithe and graceful. I could see her dusky pink nipples in the low light, and she pinched them hard before coming at me with a hungry look on her face.

I was in a stranger's bed with the chaotic party noise around us, but all I could focus on was her.

Frankie straddled my waist and her hot, wet pussy kissed my cool skin. She leaned over me and brought her lips to mine. Her dark hair swayed in her face and tickled my nose. I kissed her back, holding her hips in my hands.

She wriggled, pressing her wet flesh against me and making me nuts.

"You go a bit lower," I said.

"Maybe. In a minute," she teased before kissing me again. Her mouth traveled along my throat and my chest, and she did eventually inch her way down my body. Her tongue darted out and swiped over one of my nipples. She switched to the other one, dropping soft kisses on my chest as she went. Her hips undulated as she rocked against me. I raised my hips and felt the thumping slam of my pulse in my cunt.

"Jesus, woman."

"Shh," she said. She kissed down my belly, licked my navel and scraped her teeth over my hip. By the time she hit my pussy, I thought I'd die from longing. She parted my cunt lips with her fingers, blowing softly on my labia. She nudged my clit with her nose, and I accused her of teasing me by saying, "You're doing this on purpose."

"Of course. We haven't fucked in a while. I want to take it slow." She punctuated the end of her sentence by lazily slipping a finger inside my cunt, and a tortured groan fell from my lips.

Frankie tickled my clit with her tongue. She glided her finger in and out of me, making me squirm. Her licks were deliberately unhurried. I groaned and shoved my hands in her hair, trying to push her head to where I wanted it to go.

"Uh-uh," she said, pulling away. "Behave."

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I had forgotten that once she dropped her shyness, she became ballsy and liked to make me nuts before giving me what I wanted.

Frankie pushed another finger inside me and sucked on my clit. She rolled it between her lips like a piece of candy. I actually snarled, bucking my hips upward. She took pity on me and lapped at me repeatedly. Her fingers slid in and out of me in a mesmerizing rhythm. I clenched my internal muscles, and when she felt those contractions, she wiggled her digits against the plump walls of my cunt.

I held her head with my hand, and this time she let me. Her licks became more eager and excited. The closer I got to coming, the more turned on she became—and the more she writhed.

She broke away from me and sucked on the inside of my thigh. I jerked crazily in response to her harsh love bites.

"What are you doing?" I asked breathlessly.

She kept fucking me with her fingers as she sucked on another spot. When she paused, I managed to take a breath. But then her mouth came down on the other leg, delivering the same treatment. I knew without a doubt I'd have hickeys on my thighs. I wanted to laugh, but my body was a twisted knot from the ticklish sensations she was delivering.

"HER TONGUE WAS A MADDENING SERIES OF FLICKS, CIRCLES AND PATTERNS."

Before I could say anything else, she moved to my lower belly, right above my mound. Her mouth latched on and she sucked at me, flexing her thin fingers and nudging my G-spot. Pleasure shot through me, and I gasped.

Her mouth finally returned to my clit, and she gave me her best effort. Her tongue was a maddening series of whorls, flicks, circles and patterns. She sucked and then nipped me before going back to soothing drags of her flat tongue over my swollen clitoris. It was nearly too much to bear, yet I never wanted it to stop.

But it did, and I came, shoving my hand against my mouth to soften my cries.

Frankie kept thrusting her fingers into me until my last orgasmic spasm faded.

"Get up here," I said, "and hurry."

She moved quickly, and when I motioned, she straddled my face as directed.

"You haven't had enough of me yet?" she asked.

I shook my head just before sliding my tongue over her pussy and muttering, "Never."

I shoved my fingers into her roughly and licked her eagerly. I remembered how much she liked a fast and hard orgasm. So I kept up a frantic pace, not being gentle at all.

She moved her body against me, and when I felt my fingers suddenly drenched in wetness, I knew I was doing the trick. She cried out, not trying to stifle herself this time as she came. She was that far gone.

I had to laugh.

Someone began to bang on the door. We scrambled for our clothes, giggling.

I grabbed her arm before she opened the door, and I licked the taste of me off her lips.

From the way she looked at me, I knew the weekend was only just beginning.

–G.R., Detroit, Michigan

DREAM LOVER

The window of lesbian opportunity had closed for me, or so I feared. That probably sounds stupid. I was a sexy chick in my 20s. If I wanted some pussy, I should have been able to go get myself some.

But somehow it had never worked out that way for me. I'd had a straitlaced upbringing, then had gone wild in college, which had been lots of fun. But I'd only fucked guys, who were always

hovering around me with their tongues hanging out. I realized how hot I was, and frankly getting a man into bed was virtually effortless.

Not so much with women. At least not for me.

Admittedly, I didn't try too hard. Maybe I was too shy. Maybe I just didn't have the basic social vocabulary to properly flirt with another woman. Whenever I tried, I came across as awkward and bumbling. I don't think those other women even knew I was hoping to seduce them.

But my sapphic desires wouldn't go away. I longed to kiss another woman on the lips and tangle my tongue with hers. I wanted to lay my hands on a pair of full ripe breasts. I ached to touch a pussy other than my own, to delve my fingers deep inside, to put my face between two silken thighs and lick a sweet honeypot until my female lover moaned with orgasmic joy.

College was behind me, and I was out in the real world. But fantasies like that still gnawed at me. Not that I had a bad life. Hardly. I had a good job, a nice place to live, great friends and a guy I really liked.

My boyfriend, Brendan, was tall and slim, with a finely molded face and a poet's sensitive soul. He was also lots of fun in bed, fulfilling my every need—or at least all the needs that a man could satisfy for me. But my secret craving for pussy stayed strong. But like I said, now I felt it was too late in life to do anything about it. So many people indulged in those same-sex fantasies while they were in school. They somehow seemed out of reach for me.

Brendan had a roommate, a woman. Her name was Tamra. She was quiet, studious and away at her job a lot of the time. She was also pretty damn gorgeous. I wasn't worried about her and Brendan fooling around. Though they got along just fine, there was absolutely no sexual spark between the two of them.

I, on the other hand, found myself falling in serious lust with Tamra.

She invaded my dreams, and sometimes I woke up with my pussy streaming and images in my head of her writhing with me in bed. When I was over at Brendan's apartment, I hoped for a glimpse of her. I'd had plenty of useless girl crushes in college, but this attraction felt more urgent.

My relationship with Brendan remained great, though. I loved his cock, and also enjoyed his company. He was warm, witty and considerate.

We were snuggled up while watching a movie one night. I'd heard Tamra come in, and I was immediately distracted by erotic thoughts of her. I didn't focus again on the film until I saw two women on the screen in an intimate setting. They were eyeing each other as soft music played on the soundtrack, and they gradually moved closer and closer.

I squirmed in my seat, so much so that Brendan noticed. My heart started to pound as the women tentatively kissed. Brendan paused the movie and turned to me. "Does this bother you for some reason?" His tone was a little sharp.

He thought I had some objection to the lesbian scene. For a moment, I almost burst out laughing. Instead, tears sprang to my eyes, and before I could stop myself I was confessing the whole ridiculous mess to him. I told him about my long-simmering desires—but omitting my recent infatuation with Tamra.

Brendan took it all in and was perfectly understanding, which I'll admit surprised me a little bit. He even seemed to share my quiet despair at never having gotten even a tiny taste of girl-on-girl fun when I was on campus.

But he surprised me even more when he said matter-of-factly: "Well, why don't you go to bed with Tamra?"

"What?!" I practically yelped. It was like he'd been reading my mind, and I felt a little naked.

He shrugged. "She's bi, and she's

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totally hot for you. Trust me, she never misses a chance to tell me she'd do you in heartbeat." He got up and grabbed his jacket. "Look, I'm going to go out for a couple hours. Go knock on Tamra's door...and see what happens. Though I have a pretty good idea about how it'll go." He grinned, kissed me and walked out of the apartment, leaving me sitting there stunned.

I realized then that I had the best boyfriend in the world.

Even so, it took some real courage to do what he'd advised. My stomach was doing flip-flops as I padded softly down the hall to Tamra's door. Music was playing in her bedroom. I knocked.

She opened the door and looked at me with a mix of confusion and interest. I found myself utterly unable to engage in small talk. A lifetime's passions burned in me. Standing there in pajama bottoms and an oversized T-shirt Tamra was insanely desirable to me.

I just blurted out: "Please fuck me."

A grin lit up her pretty face. She put her hands on my elbows and pulled me forward. In no time, our mouths were smacking together. For the first time in my life, I really kissed another woman: a deep, shameless, tongue-tangling kiss. It was fantastic, and my body practically quivered with lust.

Tamra drew me farther into her room. She kicked the door shut behind us, even though we had the apartment to ourselves. (Thank you, Brendan!) She brought her body against me, her breasts rubbing against mine. I felt the sharp points of her erect nipples. She mashed her mound right on mine, and my hips automatically jerked.

"FOLLOWING HER LEAD, I FUCKED HER AS HARD AS SHE WAS DOING TO ME."

Tamra tugged at my clothes, obviously wanting me naked. I helped her strip at the same time. I tried to savor every second, like when her shapely tits came into view, or when she dropped her pajama pants and bared her pussy. But everything happened so fast, I was lost in a glorious blur of female curves.

The two of us fell onto the bed. The feel of her bare skin on mine was an absolute wonder. My brain was overtaken by sexual arousal. We kissed again, our tongues twisting together wildly. I pulled her body tight to me, feeling no inhibitions at all.

It was like going your whole life without bacon, with everybody talking about how great bacon was—then suddenly you have bacon, and it's just as fucking good as you'd heard!

We writhed around on her bed, grinding against each other. A thousand and one fantasies exploded in my head as my hands roamed over those beautiful female contours. I caressed her satiny skin, reaching down to clutch a handful of her tight ass. My other hand boldly landed on her breast. I squeezed her tit, thrilled by the enticingly soft firmness of her. Even more thrilling was when she sighed, confirming I was pleasing her.

Tamra reached down to touch my pussy, and I reached for hers at the same time. Our fingers each traced wet, swollen lips. In unison, we moaned with mounting pleasure. I gazed into Tamra's fevered eyes as my cheeks heated with lust.

We each slipped fingers inside one another. My body's response was immediate, a bolt of electric excitement that made my body spasm and my pussy even wetter. She worked her digits deeper into me as I did the same to her, amazed at the silken flesh I found within.

Her slippery walls grasped my fingers,

and the perfume of our pussies filled the bedroom. The sexy scent was different from when I was with Brendan, or any other man. It was a fragrance of intense aroused femininity, further exciting me.

Tamra's knowing fingers coaxed my clit. Excitement grew in me, swelling and surging. I teased her love bud, again thrilled to feel her respond to me. Her fingers worked in and out of me, and following her lead, I finger-fucked her just as hard as she was doing to me.

Seconds later, we were both bucking crazily, smothering a mutual cry of bliss by mashing our mouths together again. I came, and Tamra was right there with me, convulsing through a serious climax of her own.

We were panting as we grinned at one another. It'd been awesome!

But getting off didn't mean the show was over. I wasn't with a guy who needed recovery time after blowing his load. I wanted more, and so did Tamra. I wanted to taste her pussy. As it happened, that was also what she had in mind for our next round.

We moved into a 69 position, with Tamra maneuvering me to be on top. Her pussy was served up right in front of my face. Even as her tongue touched me, I dropped my mouth hungrily onto her cleft to greedily lick her slippery slit.

I parted her folds and dug in, feeling her juice coating my lips and chin. My tongue dipped between her labia, and then I went after her clit, determined to make her come with my mouth.

Tamra ate me furiously from below, her fingers clutching my ass. I jammed my pussy on her face as her clit seemed to throb against my tongue. Before long, she was thrashing, her hips bucking. Her juices flooded my mouth. Simultaneously I drenched her as my debut lesbian experience reached its ultimate peak–and I have Brendan to thank for it!

–P.C., via email

GIRLS ONLY

Annie and I first fucked during a weekend getaway. Our girls-only trip was a gift from our husbands, who'd long been buddies. Little did the guys know, they'd funded a lesbian fuckfest!

The two of us became good friends while dating our husbands and had developed a very close bond by the time we each got married. We talked about everything–including the fact that we're both bisexual. Neither of us ever admitted our most hidden desires out loud to the other, but our mutual attraction had been simmering for a long time–just barely hidden beneath the surface. And our connection became glaringly obvious on that trip.

We'd just returned from a flirtatious dinner at a romantic restaurant when we'd caught a glimpse of two women fucking on the beach in the light of the full moon. We were in our suite, and the sight of the writhing ladies stopped us both in our tracks. We stood in the shadows of our living room, silently watching as a voluptuous blonde dipped her head between the widespread legs of a petite brunette.

The scene entranced me. I couldn't remember how long it had been since I'd cradled a woman's head between my legs. But I wanted it. I wanted it so bad I could taste the tang of a woman's pussy juice on my tongue.

The pulse between my legs grew more insistent with every breath. I ached to be touched. In my mind, I was walking out onto the beach and sauntering up to the two lovers to ask if I could join them. The brunette would pull me down onto the sand, leaving her fingers inside her lover while her free hand slipped between my legs…

At first, I didn't realize the fingers that had slipped into my shorts to stroke my clit weren't my own. I was so engrossed in my fantasy that I'd lost track of reality. It wasn't until my head tilted back and my body sagged against the warm, soft swell of Annie's breasts that I realized the woman of my dreams was actually my best friend.

A delicious tingle traveled up my spine as Annie lightly scraped the fingernails of her other hand up my side. That hand found its way into my hair, winding it around her fist. Tugging it gently but with authority, Annie tilted my head to the side to expose my neck. She scraped of her teeth along my sensitive skin, and every nibble and lick sent another jolt of pleasure straight to my clit.

We stayed standing in front of the glass patio doors, with my back nestled against Annie's front. She'd worked my shorts so low on my thighs that they eventually slid down to my ankles on their own.

With my shorts out of her way, Annie slipped her fingers beneath the

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waistband of my panties and drew them along my slit. She stroked my lips, gently tracing them until she worked her way between the folds where all my juices had collected.

Needing to take control, I turned in Annie's arms and captured her lips with my own. She welcomed me immediately, dipping her tongue into my mouth to tangle with mine.

As our kiss grew more frantic, we stumbled away from the patio doors, never once separating. Our hands were everywhere, stroking and grabbing, and gripping one another like our lives depended on achieving multiple orgasms.

Halfway across the room, my knees bumped against the edge of an oversize armchair, and I sagged into the seat. Annie followed me down. She nibbled at my lips as she arranged my body to her liking. Her fingers circled my ankles, then slid up my calves to tickle the backs of my knees.

Crouching on the floor, Annie hooked my legs over the arms of the chair, spreading them wide. The position also forced me to slouch in the seat, placing my pussy level with her mouth.

Annie puckered her lips and blew a puff of air over my wet pussy, sending shivers up my spine. The pleasant tingle caught me by surprise. My thighs began to twitch—an involuntary response that forced my ass even further down the seat. The movement also mashed my pussy against her face. I whimpered, desperate for release.

She looked amused, and a mischievous glint lit her eyes as she whispered against my cunt, "Patience, Jaime."

Annie rested her chin on the seat cushion. Then the tip of her tongue dipped into the crack of my ass.

My body jolted, and my legs tried to close, but the chair's arms stopped me.

I groaned. Whether it was from arousal or frustration, I wasn't sure. Fortunately, Annie was ready to give me what I craved.

Her tongue traveled up one side of my pussy, arcing high to avoid my clit, before swooping down the other side. After she'd finished tracing the edges of my cunt lips, Annie swirled her tongue around my entrance, agitating all of my nerves. She lapped at me, sealing her lips around my clit and sucking hard.

As bursts of pleasure pulsed through my pelvis, my brain and body became overwhelmed by the sensations bombarding me. Just when I thought my body would burst into flames, Annie upped the ante. She pulled her lips from my pussy with a pop and jammed a finger into me.

I was grateful my legs were slung over the arms of the chair. The sharp tilt of my hips didn't just serve me up for Annie to devour; it also provided easy access to my G-spot. Annie relentlessly nudged it, releasing all of my pent-up passion. My legs quivered, pinned as they were in their awkward position.

As I teetered on the edge of ecstasy, Annie slid her finger from my quivering cunt. She lifted the finger to her lips and slipped it into her mouth, sucking until her cheeks caved in.

"Delicious," Annie murmured. "Now let's see how much of me you can take."

Four of Annie's fingers disappeared into her mouth. When she pulled them out, they were shiny with her saliva—the perfect lubricant to finger-fuck me silly.

Bundling her fingers together tightly, she pressed them against my entrance all at once. Annie gradually slid inside me, stretching me wide. It was the fullest I'd ever felt, yet somehow I still wanted more. Desperate to take Annie deeper, I tried to tilt my pelvis, but having my legs hooked over the sides of the armchair held me back.

Using her free hand, Annie pinched my nipple. She applied just enough pressure to toe the line between pleasure and pain. Then with a quick twist of her fingers, Annie crossed that line. I groaned, unprepared for

the sharp sting that radiated from my nipple. I felt like I might crawl out of my skin. At the same time, my pussy continued its insistent pulse around Annie's probing fingers. My spasming muscles clutched and released her, expanding and contracting as they pulled her deeper. Then she wrapped her lips around my clit, and I lost all control. I screamed and cursed, gasping for breath as wave after wave of pleasure assaulted my senses. It felt like I was falling, disappearing into an endless abyss.

When my eyes finally fluttered open, I found Annie looking proud of herself. That quickly pulled me out of my post-orgasmic haze. I could plainly see the satisfaction she got from making me come. It was time for me to return the favor.

As the last of my climactic tremors faded, I unhooked my legs from the chair arms and Annie climbed over me. She planted her feet on either side of my thighs, bending her knees slightly to bring her pussy level with my mouth. I was satisfied to see that Annie was as wet as I felt, which confirmed that getting me off had aroused the hell out of her.

I cradled Annie's ass in my hands before burying my face in her cunt. She smelled sweet. So tempting. I hadn't tasted another woman since I'd married my husband, and I was realizing quickly how starved for pussy I'd become.

My tongue darted out, tentatively taking a taste of Annie. That tiny little touch made her shiver. She murmured her encouragement, urging me on. Emboldened by her approval, I trailed my tongue along the seam of her sex, slowly parting the swollen pink folds in search of her cream-filled center.

Once my tongue was comfortably nestled within Annie's slit, I pressed my nose against her. I nuzzled her mound and reveled in her earthy scent. She wound her fingers through my hair, tugging me closer to her body as she wordlessly demanded more pressure.

"SHE CREATED SO MUCH FRICTION THAT I THOUGHT WE'D BOTH BURST INTO FLAMES."

Happy to oblige, I sealed my lips around the edges of Annie's entrance and plunged my tongue into her depths. She wiggled against me, rubbing her clit against my nose.

The harder Annie pressed against me, the louder she moaned. She impaled herself on my tongue and massaged her clit with every motion of her hips. She created so much friction that I thought we'd both burst into flames.

Unable to reach Annie's breasts to deliver the same dose of pain that had pushed me over the edge, I focused my attention on her ass. Sliding a finger along her crack, I circled her puckered hole. Then I pressed the tip of my finger against her asshole, massaging it.

Annie's moans bounced of the suite's walls. Her hips bucked wildly, trapped between my hand and my face. Her syrupy honey began seeping onto my tongue. I sucked harder, prolonging her orgasm to milk every last bit of her sweetness.

When Annie finally stopped shaking, we unwound our limbs and headed for the en suite hot tub, ready for another round.

Once we started, we couldn't stop. Every spare moment was spent working one another up until each of us got off again. One night at the bar, we even met those women from the beach, but that hot hookup is a whole other story!

–J.D., Birmingham, Alabama

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by sending your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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SWINGING & SWAPPING

TALL TALE

While lying on my belly on the king-size bed, I leisurely ate out Maddie's pussy. It was a warm Saturday afternoon. My mouth alternated between teasing my friend's pert little clit and lapping at her pussy folds. She moaned and sighed. My rigid dick was grinding into the mattress, urging me to put it to its intended use. I looked up to the head of the bed to smile at my wife, Liza. She was sitting nude, cross-legged. Behind her, with his arms wrapped around her was Maddie's husband, Johnny.

"Go for it, man," said Johnny, who—maybe five minutes earlier—had climaxed in Liza's cunt. He lobbed a condom my way.

"Are we good for this?" I asked Maddie. She had shapely legs and beautiful breasts, her skin a lush, dark shade that was so different from Liza's fair, freckled body.

"More than good," responded Maddie.

Once the condom was on, I hovered over her body, effortlessly sliding my rigid dick into her tight cunt. After many play sessions with Maddie, I had gotten to know the contours and needs of her body well. In this instance, familiarity had bred not contempt but content. Even though Liza and I had been in the swinging life for a half-dozen years, I always worried I would come too quickly whenever I fucked a new partner for the first time. But now, having been on this sexual trek with Maddie many times before, I was able to relax and enjoy the ride. My face moved to hers, and I kissed her softly on the lips, letting her taste her own pussy. Then I started thrusting—first slowly, then with increased fervor.

"That's it," Johnny said. "Find the beat, Joey." (Johnny—a jazz guitarist—pretty much wrote the book on rhythm.)

I looked up at him and Liza. He was now toying with one of her erect nipples. Her eyes were closed as she savored his touch.

Maddie was gripping my cock with her feisty little twat—squeezing and releasing me at in a crazy rhythm—almost as if she were chewing me with it. Within minutes, I felt the approach of my orgasm. What brought me over the edge was the sight of Johnny's fingers tweaking my wife's clit, and the sound of her gasps and sighs. As he increased the friction on her magic button, it became clear she was going to climax with me. I suddenly felt an unstoppable release of semen, just as Johnny's dexterous musician's fingers brought my wife to climax.

Not long afterward, Johnny and I sat in our undershorts in the living room, while our wives prepared cocktails and post-coital snacks. Johnny was talking about a recent jazz festival he'd played. Soon Liza and Maddie could be heard laughing, and occasionally shrieking, in the kitchen.

"What in holy hell are they carrying on about over there?" I wondered aloud.

Johnny smiled. "I have a pretty good idea," he said. "Listen, Joey. Maddie and I have discovered someone we think you and Liza would like to meet. Liza especially."

At that moment, our wives came into the room with margaritas and guac and chips. They wore only panties and mischievous smiles.

"What was so hilarious in there?" I asked.

"I thought you were gonna tell him, Johnny," said Maddie.

"I was just getting to it," he replied.

It turned out that while Johnny and Maddie were traveling in the Pacific Northwest, they'd gone to a swingers club near Seattle. They'd attended on a night when single men were allowed, and they'd met a local fellow named Luke. They'd had a threesome with the guy, and it had been one of the wildest scenes they'd ever experienced.

"Tell them about him, Maddie," Johnny requested.

"No, you do it," she insisted.

"Okay, well, the guy is tall..."

"That's putting it mildly," interjected Maddie. "He's, like, out of *Jack and the Beanstalk*."

Johnny added: "I looked at the dude and thought, Christ, he's seven and a half feet tall."

"Turns out he's only six-foot-ten," said Maddie.

Johnny shot her a look. "I thought you wanted *me* to tell this."

"Okay, okay. Sorry. Go on."

"The thing is," Johnny continued, "some tall guys are gangly. They're all

“LUKE’S BEHEMOTH IN HER PUSSY MADE HER ASS FEEL TIGHTER THAN EVER TO ME.”

skinny and shit. But Luke’s got some meat on his bones.”

“Not to mention between his legs,” said Maddie.

Johnny ignored her interruption. “He looks bigger because he’s bulked up. Picture what Ichabod Crane would have looked like if he’d been a gym rat.”

“Icha-what?” Maddie asked.

Johnny explained Ichabod Crane as best he could, and then told us why Luke was nothing like him. Luke, he said, was a soft-spoken guy, a great conversationalist, and a total gentleman in the bedroom—not to mention a gifted lover. “And, yes, he is hung,” Johnny added. “Really and truly hung.”

Apparently, Luke was so exceptionally endowed that Maddie’d had trouble when things progressed from foreplay to fucking.

“I gave it my best try,” she said. “You know me and my dainty vagina. I managed to get just part of his whopper in when we did doggy, but even that was a struggle. But right off, I thought, Luke is somebody my friend Liza would want to meet!”

My wife blushes easily, and she immediately lit up like a stoplight.

Liza has a sort of magic pussy. To say it’s elastic doesn’t do it justice. It feels perfectly tight to an average-hung guy like me. But it can handle much bigger equipment with ease. Johnny, for instance, has a good seven inches, and Liza can envelop him comfortably in any position. She truly enjoys a ginormous boner. No, “enjoys” isn’t strong enough. She craves a ginormous boner. It’s not something she babbles on about, but if you were ever to see her at a sex party, you’d learn fast that she likes to play with the big boys.

It turned out Luke was soon going to be traveling to the state where we all live, and he planned to pay a visit to Maddie and Johnny. They wanted to know if we’d be interested in coming by for a mini soiree to meet him. Hell, yeah.

Liza and I checked our datebooks. She’d scheduled a movie night with one of her vanilla friends on the night in question, but she quickly did some texting and was able to reschedule. The look of joyous relief on her face after accomplishing this gave us all a good laugh.

Three Saturdays later, Liza and I showed up at Johnny and Maddie’s spectacular home, about a 40-minute drive from our place. We congregated on the back deck, near their glistening pool. Johnny played bartender, and Maddie served hors d’oeuvres.

And there, sprawled on a chaise longue-style deck chair—dressed in a seersucker shirt, shorts and flip-flops—was Luke. He really was something else. His body was too long for the chair. His ankles and feet hung off the end. Yes, he’d definitely been inside a gymnasium once or twice. He had pleasant features and a good head of salt-and-pepper hair. He looked to be a little older than the rest of us—early 40s, maybe.

He was definitely a cool guy. He felt comfortable joking about his height. “Every basketball coach at every school I ever went to begged me to try out for the team,” he said. “But all I ever wanted was to be a swimmer.”

“Better than wanting to be a jockey, I guess,” Liza murmured, and Luke chuckled.

Those may have been the first words Liza had said since meeting Luke. She’s a taciturn woman at any time, but when she’s horny, she really clams up.

After the second round of margaritas, Maddie made the invitation: “So, everybody…What say we take this into the bedroom?” Nobody objected.

Maddie and Johnny’s master bedroom is spacious, to say the least. Johnny closed the curtains and put on some music—not jazz, surprisingly, but some spacey electronic stuff.

Liza and I curled up on the comfortable sofa across the room from the enormous bed. Luke sat at the foot of the bed, and Maddie went right over to him. She motioned for Liza to join her. Together,

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they unbuttoned his shirt and removed his sandals. They pulled his walking shorts to his ankles. Out sprang an erect, circumcised dick—I'd say an honest-to-God nine-incher (probably more), which was very impressive in the girth department, too. Our new pal was no slouch in the ball-sac division either. When he lay back on the bed, his shaved scrotum—packed with a set of jumbo, grade-A huevos—looked like something you'd need to count as a carry-on item at the airport.

"Your turn now," Luke said, and the women stripped to the buff.

The girls went right to work on that mega-schlong and balls with their mouths. At one point Maddie gripped his fat shaft so Liza could flick at his pee-hole with her tongue. Later, Liza tried deep-throating him, but it was a challenge. Luke appreciated her efforts, coaxing her but not pressuring her.

Johnny and I had shucked off our shorts and were jerking off to the porn-caliber visuals. Soon came the moment of truth. Luke donned what must have been a "magnum-plus-plus" sized condom and lay on his back again. Liza faced him, so he could play with her sweet, freckled tits as she eased herself down on his super dong. It took time, but eventually she was able to take the whole damn thing. Johnny, Maddie and I cheered, whistled and clapped.

Liza had scarcely uttered a syllable since we'd moved to the bedroom, but now she commanded, "Fuck me in the ass, Joey! Now!"

I went to the bed in a lusty daze and maneuvered myself so I could sink my engorged penis into her butt hole with the help of some lube provided by our helpful hosts. I'd participated in DPs with her often before—a few times with Johnny, in fact—but this was different. Luke's behemoth in her pussy somehow made her ass feel tighter than ever to me. The three of us kept perfectly still for 30 seconds or so, and then began to rock gently as Liza made guttural noises I didn't know she was capable of. It was impossible to do much thrusting. We just rocked gently, but soon all three of us were pulled toward hot, feral orgasms. Luke and Liza popped simultaneously, and I came directly after. When we gradually untangled, we noticed our host and hostess fucking doggy-style on the sofa. Soon, they too climaxed.

We took a break and went back to the deck, cooling ourselves off in the pool. Johnny grilled salmon steaks, and we all feasted royally before having another athletic round in the master bedroom.

It was nearly 11 when Liza and I began our drive home. Along the way, we hatched some plans for an autumn vacation. We've been told the Seattle area is gorgeous in late September.

–J.L., via email

MIAMI HEAT

Delia is my wife, and we've been in an open relationship really since before we ever contemplated marriage. I met her when I was handling some clients in the theater business, of all things, and my "wild Irish rose" of a wife was a typical drama bohemian. She once joked that being bisexual was a prerequisite to get into art or acting school.

So shortly after we started seeing one another, she started bringing home "girlfriends" to join us in various sexual adventures. My friends at the time couldn't believe me, but in retrospect, their disbelief was pretty much cloaked envy.

I love watching my wife go down on another woman—or vice versa. And don't get me started about the heaven on earth that the sensation of two tongues on my dick can create. She tends to prefer sharing other girls to entertaining other guys. But we did try a DP once with a college dude we found on Tinder—and she loved it.

Anyway, since we married, we've been mostly monogamous, but we often try to celebrate birthdays and special occasions with hot threesomes or some

kind of adult getaway. I know…most people think flowers and dinner—we think lube and pussy.

Well, my wife turned 34 last August, and we decided to take a little cruise to the islands. But we booked our travel so we could spend the weekend in Miami catching up with some of Delia's old friends, who were still active in the art scene. And that's how we procured a very special invitation to a very private party that even made me blush—but only a little!

Delia and I have heard plenty about swinging, but we tend to do our own thing. We aren't part of a particular scene, and the idea of going to a swingers resort never appealed to us. However, some of her old friends are most definitely part of the lifestyle, and they invited us to a swanky house near the beach. A colorful light show and some fountains illuminated the grounds and driveway, but the blinds were entirely drawn, leaving the interior a complete mystery to anyone looking at it from the outside.

Well, once we showed our invite to the security personnel, I understood the discretion. The art deco interior was reminiscent of *The Great Gatsby*. The bar area was pretty typical, but the outlying rooms were filled with the people in various stages of undress—and a few who were actually discreetly getting it on. Delia looked at me, and I looked at her; we could not stop staring at the crowd around us.

"Should we get a drink?" she asked me.

"I think I'm going to need one." I laughed nervously.

"We can leave if you don't feel comfortable," she said.

"No, no—this is just…surreal, that's all." I smiled. "Let's get lubricated and find your friends."

We held hands and made our way to the bar. It only seemed right to order dry gin martinis as we took in the lurid landscape.

A few moments later, Delia startled me as she jumped out of her seat and into

"AS ROB POUNDED MY WIFE'S PUSSY, SHE WATCHED CAROLINA RIDE ME."

the arms of a gorgeous Latina woman. "Carolina!"

"Dee Dee!" Carolina said joyously. "Look at you." They hugged and kissed on the cheeks. Carolina was utterly stunning. She wore a hot pink halter dress, but she had the kind of innocent face that made you think preacher's daughter instead of swinger. She had dark, shoulder-length hair and even wore pearls.

My wife, by the way, has a face that screams vixen. We're talking light green eyes and a pouty set of lips that give porn-worthy blowjobs. And I love her wavy, chocolate-brown hair.

Suddenly, the thought of those lips on Carolina's cunt made the gin rush to my head—and made my dick instantly stiffen.

"I love this dress!" Carolina said appreciatively.

"Thank you, but I can't take any credit. It was all Michael's doing." Indeed, I had selected her outfit that night: a bias-cut black satin slip dress worn without a bra.

"Excellent taste, Michael," Carolina said to me with a wink. "So, what do you guys think of this place?"

"Well, it is…all so tasteful," I replied. "And intriguing."

Carolina laughed. "Well, no pressure, but if you'd like to join me and Rob upstairs, we'd be happy to host."

"This is your place?" Delia asked.

"Rob and I are renting it for the next year while he handles business here. And then we're going back to Barcelona—and Ibiza, too, I hope." She smiled. "Oh—here he is now."

Rob approached, carrying a bottle of champagne. He was a little shorter than me, but definitely built. "This must be the famous Delia you were telling me about."

He kissed my wife's hand; she laughed.

"You have quite a charmer on your hands, Carolina," my wife replied coyly. Then Delia introduced me to our new friend.

"You have a stunning wife, Michael," he said.

"It seems you're also lucky in that department," I replied, raising the remainder of my martini to Carolina.

Rob grinned. "What more could men like us ask for?"

"Both of us at once?" Carolina ventured. She and Delia smiled and linked arms.

"I'd be amenable to that," I replied honestly.

"As would I," Rob chimed in. "Ladies, why don't you head upstairs and get ready for us."

Delia checked in with me. "Would you be okay with that?"

"Baby, I can't wait to join you." I kissed her on the cheek.

Once it was just me and Rob, we discussed likes and dislikes and limits. I won't bore anyone with the particulars, but my wife and I always like to play safe—and obviously we never want to ruin a hot

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night by accidentally doing something "not allowed."

In any case, when we got upstairs, it was obvious that the ladies had wasted no time. Inside the master suite, my wife was already stark naked, as was Carolina, and the two were grinding their pussies together as they kissed passionately.

"Oh God, I'm so fucking wet," Delia moaned.

The balcony doors were open, so there was a heady mix of fresh ocean air perfuming the room, adding to the magic of the moment.

"Off to a wonderful start already." Rob appeared pleased as he observed the ladies.

The women looked up from their tryst with wicked grins on their faces.

"I'm sorry, Michael. I couldn't wait. I just had to have your wife." Carolina licked her lips, and I felt my cock pulse in my pants.

"I understand completely." I started undressing, eager to join in.

"Well, I haven't had the pleasure of 'understanding' just yet," Rob joked.

Carolina laughed and said, "Then get over here."

"Both of you hurry up. Don't make her do all the work," Delia teased. She and Carolina started kissing again as they stroked one another.

And so our evening began with a literal swapping of wives. Rob had a surprisingly fat cock, and my wife was determined to get her snatch stuffed. But she also couldn't wait to watch me fuck her hot friend—who wore her pearls to bed, I might add.

As Rob pounded my wife's pussy from behind, she watched Carolina ride me reverse cowgirl. Delia was close enough to us to periodically sink her nails into my calves when her own pleasure became overwhelming.

"CAROLINA LAPPED AT MY WIFE'S CUNT WHILE DELIA SWALLOWED ROB'S COCK."

"You're wife's fucking hot," Rob groaned.

"And so is yours," I responded, wholeheartedly meaning it.

And eventually I had Carolina turn around because I really wanted to suck her dark, silver dollar-sized nipples.

"I see why you like her so much," I said to Delia in between noisy licks, kisses and sucks, making her smile.

Next, I had Carolina sit on my face, wanting a taste of her. I ate out every inch of her ass and pussy. Then Carolina lapped at my wife's cunt while Delia swallowed Rob's cock.

This adventure was way more involved and intricate than any threesome. But our chemistry was amazing enough that it never felt awkward or like Delia and I were missing out on one another.

Both Carolina and my wife are loud moaners—especially when they come. So there were times when I literally could not hear my own thoughts—not that there was anything much to analyze, aside from how much longer I could last.

But I had my work cut out for me, apparently, because Delia had told Carolina about her DP experience. Like a good friend, my wife made sure Carolina was stretched wide enough and that my dick was super lubed before it went inside her friend's ass. And once Carolina came buckets, Delia wanted a DP—so Rob and I had our hands full that night!

We definitely took some breaks, but our wives were amazing at keeping us in a perfect state of prolonged arousal without release.

At one point, Carolina and Delia made us stand up and close our eyes before they took turns sucking us both off. I know my wife's lips anywhere, but still, that was one hot guessing game.

We rounded out the action by putting the girls on the bed, facing one another so they could kiss and touch while Rob and I took turns screwing them. Though

in the end, we each made it back to the pussy of our lawfully wedded spouse.

The girls were so turned on by being with each other, and that's what made the moment super fun.

"Are you happy we did this?" Delia whispered to me, while riding me cowgirl-style.

"Hell yeah. You?"

"Yeah, we got lucky, baby."

"Yes, we did." I gave her bottom a little spank. "Now come for me again."

Meanwhile, Carolina was getting her ass skewered by her husband's dick; her jiggling booty in the moonlight could have been the official postcard for our vacation.

Anyway, the evening ended with lots of coming, so much that my wife and Carolina took a shower together afterward to clean up. And then, Delia and I took a cab back to our hotel where we collapsed in one satisfied and exhausted sleep.

The next morning, with the sex memories still fresh, she and I went at it again before we got on the boat. While our cruise included a threesome with a pretty coed, our swapping adventure with Carolina and Rob still tops my list of vacation experiences. So for my birthday in February, we are going back to Miami—where the real heat comes from something other than the balmy Florida weather.

–M.T., Bangor, Maine

BINGO BANGO

When Hank first spoke about the naked bingo game, I naturally thought he was joking. But he'd brought it up on a night when he and his wife, Marcia, had invited me and Kim over for dinner. He mentioned it after the meal, when we were all having drinks.

"Wait a minute!" I said. "Everybody's nude at this thing?" Kim looked just as confused as I felt.

Hank and Marcia were both grinning. "Not everyone," Hank said. "Just the ones who're going to be...the prizes."

"It's for married couples only," Marcia added. She was a very attractive woman. Even Kim said so. She and Hank had been married a few years longer than Kim and I had been.

I started to get a glimmer of understanding. Then Hank explained the rest. It was a spouse-swapping game. Incredible! Apparently, Hank—who I'd known for quite a while—belonged to a circle of swingers. In frank, honest terms, he told us what fun it was for him and Marcia, how it'd enhanced their marriage.

Finally Hank said, "We're inviting both of you to come to bingo night."

It wasn't a joke. On the drive back, Kim and I were silent. When we got home, we just sort of stared at one another, stunned by Hank's offer. Suddenly, we both burst out laughing. We guffawed ourselves silly.

But that night in bed I found myself lying awake thinking about it. Swinging? I'd never considered it. In four years of marriage I'd never cheated on Kim. What would it be like, though, to swap partners in a safe environment like that? It wouldn't be cheating if everybody knew what was going on, right?

And what if I somehow got the chance to have sex with Marcia? She was so hot. She'd crept into my fantasies more than once.

Kim stirred next to me. "I...I wonder if we should accept Hank's invitation, after all?" she asked in the dark.

So we talked about it. It was a sensitive, rational conversation. Kim loved me, but maybe a little variety in our marriage would be a good thing. Hank and Marcia certainly seemed happier for it.

As we talked, the idea got both of us worked up, and we screwed like mad for the rest of the night, agreeing afterward to go for it.

Hank and Marcia were thrilled when we told them we were in. Finally, the big night came around. I had a mental picture of bingo games being held in a church basement somewhere, which would have been pretty inappropriate. Instead, it was at Gina's place. She and her husband had a palatial house with multiple bedrooms and a huge rec room.

Kim and I were nervous but excited when we arrived. Everyone welcomed us warmly. I knew most of the couples there, but had never suspected any were swingers.

We all went into the rec room, which was set up in classic bingo fashion with

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chairs and folding tables facing a stage. There Gina, the host, had one of those spinning contraptions with lots of loose, numbered balls inside. Everybody settled in. There were several dozen of us.

The first order of business, after Gina introduced Kim and me officially, was to pick the night's "prizes." There would be three contests, and one person would go off with whoever won for each round.

("What if there's a tie?" I'd asked Hank earlier. "Threeways are fun," he said. "What if a woman wins another woman, or a man a man?" I asked. Hank had laughed. "What do you think happens?")

The choosing was simple. We each got a slip of paper with a letter-number combo on it, just like would be used in the actual bingo game. Gina spun, and called out the results.

First, a guy got picked. Then, to my delight, Marcia was called. Finally, Gina said, "G8!"

It was Kim. She stood up, smiled nervously at me, and went away with the other two. My wife was a prize! I tried to absorb that, torn between excitement and reflexive alarm. I reminded myself how much we'd both wanted this.

A moment later the game began, with much murmuring anticipation from the audience. I was poised with my bingo card. Hank sat next to me. In my heart of hearts I wanted to win Marcia, but the odds were obviously against me.

With a flourish Gina brought out the first prize from the curtain at the back of the stage. It was the man. He was naked, grinning and sporting an impressive hard-on. Everyone hooted and applauded.

Gina spun the box and sang out the first number. I wasn't eager to win any playtime with the man, but I played along. He hammed it up for the crowd, plainly enjoying himself, stroking his cock as Gina continued to call.

Finally, someone shouted, "Bingo!" A woman raced forward and fairly grabbed the naked man off the platform. There were more cheers as she led him away to one of the bedrooms set aside for the winners.

"MY TONGUE WENT UP AND DOWN HER SLICK SLIT, MAKING HER WRIGGLE HAPPILY."

Next, the curtain was parted and my wife stepped out into view. She was absolutely buck-fucking-naked, and smiling shyly. When the room erupted in hoorays she grinned, then pranced a bit, showing off her gorgeous shape. She cupped her tits, then turned to present her succulent ass, and I cheered for her loudly.

The second game commenced. It was a surreal but vastly arousing experience. I knew someone there was going to fuck Kim, and it all hung on the random chance of a bingo card. Crazy! My cock grew in my slacks.

"Bingo!" a voice shouted happily. I snapped my head around. It was a woman! Her name was Sheila, and she went running for the stage, her face lit with unmistakable lust.

Kim caught my eye as she stepped down. I gave her a thumbs-up and watched her dash off with Sheila. I felt a bit stunned. But then the third contest got underway, and I looked up to see Marcia step naked onto the stage. A wave of desire washed over me.

Gina called the numbers. I concentrated on my card, as if I could will the right alignment of winning squares by the force of my lust alone. I got one square, then another. The game went on longer than the others. The tension in the room built. Others wanted to win, too. I saw I was one square away. Gina called another number.

"BINGO!" I shouted, leaping to my feet and waving my winning card. Beside me, Hank cheered my victory. I ran to collect his wife, my head whirling and my whole body pumping with need.

Marcia grinned and took my hand. She led me out of the rec room. A minute later we were in a nicely appointed bedroom. I gazed in wonder at her. She said, "I'm glad it's you, Sid." Then she kissed me.

Her soft lips parted, and our tongues tangled furiously. I realized how pent up my passion for this particular woman had been. But it was more than that. She was

the first person I'd kissed other than Kim since taking my marriage vows.

I squeezed her lush tits, feeling the nipples standing out stiffly. Her hands worked my buttons and tugged my zipper. My clothes fell away. Marcia took hold of my steel-hard cock, pumping me expertly. We were still standing at the foot of the big bed.

She dropped to her knees and took me in her mouth. I watched my shaft disappear as she sucked me down to my humming balls. Her tongue slithered wildly over my boner as her head bobbed up and down.

With a gasp, she released me and backed up onto the bed, spreading her smooth thighs. Her hairless pussy gleamed, just like I'd always imagined it. I climbed onto the bed after her, settling into the grasp of those thighs as they closed around my shoulders.

I lowered my face toward her pussy, inhaling her aroused scent. The first tart taste of her sent a shock of joy through me. I savored her feminine flavor, noting distantly that it was distinct from Kim's own savory taste.

My tongue went up and down her slick slit, making her wriggle happily. I parted her lips and probed inside, stabbing my tongue tip deep into her silken interior as her juices flowed. I lapped hungrily at her throbbing clit. Her hips jerked up off the bedding as she jammed her pussy hard against my mouth. Marcia came with a fierce shudder, crying out her pleasure. I lapped up her juice, and what I missed glossed my lips and chin.

I rose on my knees, my erect cock standing ramrod straight. Marcia declared, "You really need to fuck me now!"

She was right. I really did need to.

I moved up and poised my cock over her well-licked pussy. I rubbed my swollen cockhead over her slickened lips, relishing my moment of fantasy fulfillment. Marcia's lovely face was alight with need. She lifted her ass off the bed again, eager to have me penetrate her.

I was just as eager to do it. With a growl, I pushed inside her. Her pussy walls took me in their sweet, slippery grip. I drove deeper as her body undulated beneath me. She thrust her tits toward the ceiling. Her hands became claws that dug at the covers on either side of her body.

When I reached the core of her, she let out a moan of joy. I grinned, then I started to stroke into her, managing somehow to begin slowly. My flesh buzzed with desire, a bone-deep craving. The hot clasp of her pussy was fantastic. She worked in perfect rhythm with me, meeting my thrusts, like we'd done this dozens of times before.

I wasn't cheating on my wife. I wasn't doing anything to hurt her. Somewhere not far away she was rolling around with Sheila, no doubt in a frenzy of sapphic delirium. I was glad for her.

Meanwhile, I fucked Marcia with increasing speed. Her hands settled on my shoulders, her fingertips digging in. Her hips bucked forcefully, and our bodies slapped together loudly, flesh on flesh. I slammed her deep, making her tits bounce.

Her head whipped from side to side, her hair flying. Sweat glistened on her face, and my skin seethed with heat. I was fucking at a blurring tempo, beyond all control. Our bodies were like two runaway machines.

Wild orgasmic convulsion started in her, even more powerful than when I'd gone down on her earlier. Her ecstasy was like a physical presence, radiating energy.

Her pleasure set me off. Suddenly, my balls clenched, and I was spewing huge gobs of come inside her. The pleasure was intense. I cried out, hoping that Kim was having as good a time as me.

–S.L., Atlanta, Georgia

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

SHE'S GOT A TICKET TO RIDE

IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE DESTINATION, BUT THE DIRTY ROAD YOU TOOK TO GET THERE.

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"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SECRET EXHIBITIONIST. I LOVE BEING WATCHED."

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LETTERS

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DESERT ROSE

My hometown is pretty small, the kind where everybody knows everybody. Though I attended a state college in a slightly bigger pond, I still found myself in classes with many of the people I'd known all my life. One of those people is a woman I've always desired, but never thought I'd have—until I did.

On campus, she was the one all the guys went after. Being beautiful, of course she could take her pick. Cynthia was like a classic pinup: blonde, with long legs and a willowy waist and perfect tits—the kind that make alluring mounds under a tight sweater.

Cynthia and I had sometimes exchanged pleasantries at parties or after classes, but I'd never tried to come on to her because I'd figured she was out of my league. I'm five-foot-five, fairly nerdy, and thus generally not the kind of guy most ladies fight over.

But let's fast forward to now—about 15 years after we'd both graduated college. I'm starting to go bald, but I'm fit. I'm also still single—and still kinda nerdy. These days, I have a job in the hospitality industry that requires me to travel.

Last summer I was driving out West, visiting several clients along the way. The piercing desert sun was just starting to set when I pulled off the highway and arrived at a gorgeous spa and resort where I'd be spending the night before a morning meeting with its CEO. The place was not some weird New Age retreat, like so many others. (There are lots of those crazy places in the desert—thanks to health nuts and UFO fanatics.) It was a luxurious oasis with golf greens, lush pools and fine dining.

The resort was comping me a room for the night. I was looking forward to a massage and a comfortable rest after the long drive. The dry heat that met me as I exited my car had me dying of thirst, so after the valet took care of the vehicle, I was happy to head inside for a cool drink.

I sat at the bar going through emails on my smartphone, my usual routine. And out of the corner of my eye, I saw a woman. Well, it was more a rush of blonde hair combined with a musical laugh as she disappeared across the lobby. I wasn't sure if she was real or if she was some kind of beautiful mirage. I figured it was the heat playing tricks on me and went back to checking my email.

My old crush Cynthia had been exactly like that—like so-called heat lightening in the summer. There and gone before you fully realized it, but you'd swear there was a flash of light behind those clouds, even though there had been no rain. That's how Cynthia had been when she'd caught my attention across the campus green. After spotting her for the first time at college, I began catching brief glimpses of her regularly and was astonished, as always, by her beauty. As it turned out, she was indeed there at that same desert resort.

I'd booked a Swedish massage before dinner, figuring I'd order in some room service and just crash for the rest of the night. The spa's receptionist handed me a glass of mineral water and led me into a pleasantly outfitted room where I could undress, drape and get comfortable on the padded table. As soon as I was down on my back, I almost drifted off, being so tired from hours of driving. But before I totally fell asleep, there came a polite knock on the door and a soft feminine voice asking if I was ready for her.

"Yes, come on in," I replied, and the woman did.

When I looked up and saw her face, recognition bolted me out of my stupor. She seemed to experience a nearly identical moment of awareness.

"Tom?" Smiling, Cynthia tilted her head and asked, "Is that you?"

"Last time I checked," I joked. "Hi, Cynthia."

"Oh my God! Wow! What are the odds?"

"We're both a long way from home, huh?"

"I'll say. What are you doing out here?"

"Work," I replied, gesturing to the lavish spa room. "As you can see, my

job is grueling."

She laughed that sweet, hearty laugh that I remembered hearing at so many frat parties.

"I have a meeting here tomorrow. But it's not a job without its perks, obviously."

"I can't believe this!" She shook her head. "You look exactly the same."

"Now, now, flattery will get you everywhere," I teased her. "But seriously, how did you wind up here?"

"That's a long story, you could say."

"Well, I did book an hour for this massage."

"Yes, but you're supposed to be relaxing—not listening to my life story."

"Right, but I'm dying to know how you ended up becoming a massage therapist in the middle of the desert."

She smiled at me, her green eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief, "Maybe I'll tell you later. Now, let's get down to business. Any pain?"

I shook my head, "Just messed up from driving seven hours."

"That'll do it. I'll start on the neck and shoulder muscles."

Cynthia gave me a truly excellent massage that left me floating on air. But, sorry to disappoint you; she was 100 percent professional. The nonprofessional part happened long after my rubdown.

"I FELT HIS EXPOSED COCK AS HE LAID IT INTO THE GULLY FORMED BY MY CHEEKS."

I was feeling pretty relaxed, which is probably how I managed to muster the courage to ask her out.

"You want to grab a drink when you're done and catch up some more?"

"Sure," Cynthia said. "I have one more client, and then…shall I come up to your room?"

My stomach leapt into my throat. "Perfect," I answered.

Later that evening, we were both sitting on the balcony of my suite, enjoying a bottle of chilled champagne. She wore a linen slip dress that showed off her toned arms and still impressive figure.

We had just finished reminiscing about my old fraternity brothers and mutual acquaintances, when she put her hand on my mine and said, "I want to know something."

"Yes?"

"How come…"

"How come I never asked you out when everyone else did?"

She nodded as she said, "I've always wondered."

"I thought you were too gorgeous to be interested in a guy like me. I mean…even now, look at you. You're so beautiful."

She laughed and shook her head before saying, "I was definitely interested. But you seemed like you always kept your distance. But now I'm sitting only inches away from you, Tom, in case you're inclined to finally do something."

Feeling brave, I took her free hand and replied, "I am inclined." Then I pulled her in for a kiss.

We stripped off our clothes, leaving a trail of items from the balcony to the king-size bed. I kissed my way across her collarbone, letting my hands roam all over her perfect body. But then she pulled away and urged me back onto the mattress. While I relaxed, she rubbed her breasts against my face, letting me enjoy the sensation of being

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surrounded by those fleshy mounds. I cupped her tits with both hands, letting my palms caress her erect nipples.

Straddling me, Cynthia sat up and smiled. I let go of her breasts and admired their naked beauty. I must've looked completely awestruck because she started laughing at me.

"All natural?"

"Yep, the same tits you wanted in college."

"Goddamn," I muttered. I reached around to give one of her ass cheeks a squeeze. "You're gorgeous."

"Still took you long enough to do something about it."

I sat up and started sucking on her nipples.

"Forgive me," I muttered against her flesh.

I positioned her on her back and kissed my way down her body, peeling off her last item of clothing—a lacy thong. Her pussy was mostly shaved but adorned with just a little triangle of darker blonde pubic hair. I kissed the insides of her thighs before spreading her labia with my fingers.

"I want to taste you," I told her.

"Then do it," she whispered. Cynthia spread her legs wider, and I dove in, my tongue finding her clit instantly.

"Oh, Tom," she sighed. "Don't stop."

Never one to deliberately disappoint a lady in bed, I tongued and fingered her sweet pussy until she shuddered in orgasm, moaning loudly the entire time.

"HE BRUSHED THE SENSITIVE RING OF MY ASSHOLE, AND I WRIGGLED WITH DELIGHT."

Afterward, she pulled me into another embrace and we shared a passionate kiss.

"Does that count as a massage with a happy ending?" I joked.

She smiled before saying, "Something like that."

Then Cynthia put her hand on my hard cock, making me hum happily. Suddenly, she looked more mischievous.

"Now what should we do about you? I was so tempted to suck you off earlier in the spa. But that wouldn't have been very professional."

"Well, I think making up for lost time is a theme here tonight," I told her.

"You're right." Cynthia kissed her way down my stomach. I don't have a six pack, but I do keep in shape. She sank far enough down to take my dick into her mouth, paying special attention to the sensitive head with her swiping tongue.

I closed my eyes. The moment felt like a dream, and for all I knew I was really dreaming. Of all the people I could have ended up in bed with, I never saw this one coming.

Cynthia stroked my balls and devoured my cock, bobbing up and down. As much as I didn't want it to end, I also knew I wanted to fuck her, so I made her climb on top of me.

As I helped guide her tight, wet pussy onto my cock, I watched her rub her clit. She seemed lost in ecstasy. I hoped that if this was indeed a dream, I wouldn't ever awaken. I grabbed her breasts as she rode me like a wild women; she was utterly insatiable once we started fucking.

We screwed with her on top for a while, and then I took her from behind. Cynthia was multiorgasmic, her pussy clenching on me like a vise. Finally, we ended up with me on top and her feet over my shoulders. And that's when I reached the edge and blew my load inside her.

We drifted off to sleep afterward, but by the time I woke up, she'd already left. No note.

I decided to leave her my card at the spa and hurriedly dressed for my morning meeting.

The receptionist showed me into the executive suite where the CEO was waiting. He greeted me with a handshake as he said, "I hope my staff made you comfortable last night."

"Yes," I said. "Like you wouldn't believe."

And then I almost fainted because on his desk I saw a framed wedding photo and the stunning bride was a very familiar blonde beauty.

–T.W., via email

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Having moved to a new city, I needed a lot of furniture because I hadn't bothered to take a lot of my old junk with me. Young deliverymen came and went for days, like a nonstop buffet, but no one had caught my eye. Yet.

I definitely had an itch that needed scratching. But I didn't know anyone in my new neighborhood and didn't have the time or energy to explore the area's nightlife in search of a fuck buddy. After a particularly restless night's sleep that had been disrupted by wild, raunchy dreams, I decided it was time to take advantage of the string of attractive men that were parading through my apartment.

My mattress was delivered by two guys wearing sweatshirts emblazoned with the logo of a nearby college's football team. Mark and Ben were friendly, even flirty, as they lugged the mattress into my bedroom.

Once the mattress was settled on the bed frame, I wondered what I could say to get them to stay. Then Mark provided the perfect opening: "Is there anything else we can do for you before we go?"

Deciding to go for broke, I chose the least subtle pickup line that popped into my head: "Just someone—or maybe two someones—to help me break it in."

Unlike the polite, customer service-style smile Mark had worn earlier, this grin reached his eyes, making the corners crinkle and his irises sparkle.

"We are a full-service company, after all. Definitely can't leave a customer in need."

Swallowing the lump building in my throat, I said, "Then fuck me on the bed—both of you."

Mark peeled off his sweatshirt as Ben guided me toward the bed. Turning me to face him, Ben slid his hands beneath my T-shirt, gliding his palms up my back before swooping around the front to grab my breasts. He found my nipples through my bra and pinched them, sparking twin shocks that bounced from one nerve to the next until they hit my clit.

Ben popped open my bra and slid his hands beneath the silky fabric to tweak my nipples again. Every shock of pleasure he delivered to my tits echoed down below. Ben then stopped playing with my breasts and suckling my neck long enough to pull off my shirt and bra. Standing there exposed, I figured it was only fair that Ben got naked, too. I hooked my fingers into the bottom of his sweatshirt and peeled it off, watching intently as the rising material gradually unveiled his beautifully sculpted abs.

My mouth went dry. Bending down, I brought my face level with Ben's waistband. Using the tip of my tongue, I traced the grooves that cut through his abdomen.

By the time Ben brought me back up, Mark had stripped down to his boxer briefs. The material seemed stretched to the max by his hefty erection. My eyes were drawn to his serious bulge. Even as Ben sat me on the bed, I couldn't tear my eyes away from Matt's massive, cotton-covered boner.

Once I was comfortably seated on the edge of the bed with Ben behind me, kissing my neck, Mark advanced. He stepped between my parted legs and our lips met.

While both the men made me melt with their mouths, Mark slipped his fingers beneath the waistband of my leggings and worked the stretchy material down to my knees. He broke the kiss to pull the pants off completely, then he shoved my legs wide apart before settling himself in front of my pussy.

As Mark's mouth attacked my cunt, Ben laid me back onto the bed. He covered my mouth with his own, swallowing the soft moans already falling from my lips. His body shifted as he kicked off his jeans.

Perfect. I was itching to get an eyeful of what Ben was packing.

But Ben had other ideas. As soon as his pants were off, he laid over my torso—still wearing his underwear—his weight pinning me to the mattress.

Ben shifted and kissed his way from my mouth to my neck, then he nibbled and sucked a trail to one of my breasts. He drew my nipple into his mouth, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked it hard. He covered my other breast with his hand, rolling his palm over the soft flesh

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↘ SERENDIPITY

until that nipple grew hard, too.

While Ben was making me cross-eyed by paying an inordinate amount of attention to my tits, Mark was taking his time exploring the space between my legs. First, he nibbled and sucked at the skin on the inside of my thighs. Then he laved my swollen lips with his tongue, using sweeping strokes that made me shiver. By the time he focused on my clit, I was quaking with need and desperate for him to satisfy the wild desire burning me from the inside out.

Fortunately, Mark didn't make me wait long. He sucked my clit between his lips and tongued it wildly, quickly pushing me to my peak. As I gasped through my orgasm, Mark removed his underwear. His thick, long dick sprang forward, pointing right at my pussy like a compass indicating due north.

Ben moved to the side, and both men regarded me curiously.

Mark broke the silence and said, "Tell us what you want."

Struggling to speak, since my tongue felt like it had grown incredibly thick, I forced out a couple of words that I hoped would be enough: "Fill me!"

Smiling, Mark replied, "Our pleasure."

Mark flipped me onto my belly and pulled up my hips so we could fuck doggy-style. Ben knelt before my face. I bit back a grin because I was finally going to see the dick I was so damn curious about.

Careful to balance my weight, using my knees and one arm, I used my free hand to tug down Ben's boxers. I laughed when his erection popped upward and slapped my cheek. His balls were also dangling temptingly in front of me. Unable to resist, I flicked my tongue over his sac.

Ben's hips jerked, making his dick tap my cheek a second time. I playfully caught the tip of his cock between my lips and sucked him to the back of my throat.

While Ben pumped his erection into my mouth, Mark pressed the crown of his cock against the entrance to my pussy. Satisfied with the slickness of my slit, Mark eased into me, spreading me wide. As his thrusts grew more forceful, Mark knocked me forward, making my mouth slide further down Ben's shaft. With Ben on one end and Mark on the other, my body was pinned; I could only rock back and forth between them.

Every thrust of Mark's hips pushed Ben's dick further down my throat. That made my pussy clench, which made me groan. Ben really appreciated the groaning. The sounds of my pleasure vibrated against his penis, adding a pleasant buzz to the slippery suction I was providing.

It didn't take long to realize Mark and Ben were communicating over my head. They used my body to find pleasure together, synchronizing their movements to seek maximum satisfaction for everyone.

The harder Mark fucked me, the more my mouth watered around Ben's cock. I'd always pursed my lips, eager to suck on something when I drew close to my climaxing. But it took a dick in my mouth during sex to make me understand that for years I'd actually been longing to blow one man while I got my pussy plowed by another.

Energized by my realization, I sucked Ben harder, pressing the flat of my tongue along the underside of his shaft. Every time I reached the head, I swirled my tongue over the crown to lap up all his salty pre-come.

Once again, Mark adjusted his speed. His fingers clutched my hips, using my body as leverage as he pistoned into me. Angling my ass upward as much as my position would allow, I offered myself to Mark completely, relinquishing the last of my control.

The harder Mark fucked me, the less range of motion I had to suck off Ben. After a while I couldn't move my head or neck at all. I was completely reliant upon Mark's thrusts to pump Ben's dick in and out of my mouth.

After a few particularly hard thrusts, Mark made me moan so loudly that Ben's penis popped free from my mouth. I tried to recapture it quickly, but I was thwarted when Mark pulled me off his cock, flipped me over and tugged me to the edge of the mattress.

With my ass perched on the edge, Mark plunged his cock back inside me.

My body took him eagerly, drawing him in as deeply as possible.

Somewhere in the foggy depths of my pleasure-drunk brain, I realized nobody was working to get Ben off. I opened my eyes, trying to find him. Then I saw his erection hovering near my face. Ben's thick fingers were fisted around his length as he pumped himself with abandon.

The motion was mesmerizing.

Then Mark pressed his thumb to my clit, and my jaw dropped open on a moan. Ben's hot, thick cream immediately spurted over my lips and hit my chin. Strumming my clit had been as much for Ben's pleasure as it had been for my own. Mark knew Ben was about to come, so he made sure my mouth was open wide to take his load.

Tasting Ben's come was an intoxicating experience. Irrefutable evidence of the pleasure I'd created was right there on my tongue—and I loved it. Licking my lips clean, I drew the syrupy liquid into my mouth and let it slide down my throat.

Swallowing turned out to be the catalyst for my own earth-shattering orgasm. As the last drops of semen melted in my mouth, every muscle in my body clenched. It was the most delicious form of agony. Just as my discomfort reached its peak, all of that tension evaporated in a fit of exquisite tremors. I wrapped my legs around Mark's body, pulling him hard against me. He groaned and rode me harder, shuttering his eyes and gritting his teeth. Then his eyes grew wide, and he came on a groan, pulling out just in time to shoot hot come all over my stomach.

Still gasping for air, my body collapsed onto the mattress.

"I GOT DOWN BEHIND HER, LINING MY COCKHEAD UP WITH HER OPEN ASSHOLE."

Mark and Ben both dressed shortly afterward, but before they headed out, Mark had one final question: "Were you satisfied with today's service?"

Boy, was I!

–L.P., Tampa, Florida

CARPOOL

Exhausted from the grueling churn-and-burn I'd been doing on a project at my agency, I slumped at my desk. The department manager stuck her head in my office, saw the shape I was in and said, "Jesus, Shirl. You look like a zombie. Call it a day."

My day had started way more than eight hours ago. I'd pulled an all-nighter. And while I'd gotten a lot of good work done, I couldn't focus anymore. Feeling very much like a zombie, I staggered to the elevators.

The parking lot was huge, and I couldn't remember where I'd parked. Dazed, I wandered the packed rows, fumbling in my pocket for the remote to make my vehicle chirp. Then I saw it, my blue car with the stuffed animal on the front dash.

I yanked open the door and got in, realizing as I did so that I was in no condition to drive. The roomy backseat suddenly looked inviting. I climbed back there. It was tidier than usual, but maybe I'd cleaned the car's interior and forgotten. Just like I'd apparently forgotten to lock the door because I hadn't even needed my keys to get into the vehicle. I snuggled deep into the cushions, pulled my coat up over my head and was instantly asleep.

As it happened, my overstressed, sleepy mind started throwing unruly sex dreams at me, one after another. I found myself tumbling through scenes involving old boyfriends, celebrities and rank strangers—all of them male, naked and eagerly wagging their hard-ons. My libido must have been stuck in overdrive, even in an unconscious state. I sucked and fucked my happy way through that army of macho sex warriors.

But my sleep was nonetheless very deep. At one point I dreamed I was in a vehicle that was actually just a giant bed on wheels. Three hot dudes—my first serious lover, my yoga instructor and the lead singer of my favorite rock band when I was a teen—were plowing my pussy, mouth and ass. Our mobile bed buzzed down a misty road, no doubt heading toward further dirty adventures.

I yawned hugely, feeling my jaw pop. Consciousness finally began to stir in me. I stretched, still lying underneath my coat. Slowly, I remembered I hadn't made it out of the parking lot. I was still in my car.

But something was wrong. The car was moving.

A rush of anxious confusion made me lurch upright, flinging aside the coat. Night was flashing past the car's back windows. I saw a silhouette against the windshield. There was someone in the driver's seat!

I released a cry of surprise, slapping at my coat and looking for my can of pepper

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY

spray. Whoever was driving my car gave an even louder shout and involuntarily wrenched the wheel. The car lurched, and I slid against the right rear door.

Then two things happened. Instead of my pepper spray, I found my car keys in my coat. And I saw that another set of keys was in the car's ignition. That meant this person hadn't hotwired my vehicle.

He—it was a man at the wheel—desperately wrangled the car, straightening it out and then slamming on the brakes. He turned to me, wide-eyed and plainly stunned to see me in the backseat.

"What're you doing in my car!" he yelped, more startled than angry.

I was about to retort that we were in *my* car, but the details of my surroundings registered before I could get the words out. The backseat wasn't just tidy; it was immaculate—something my car had never been. The interior upholstery was different, too. And the stuffed bear on the dashboard wasn't quite the same as mine.

All this data briefly overloaded my waking mind. I blinked mutely at the man, seeing now he had a handsome face and strong shoulders. I realized my panties were still damp from my incessant sex dreaming.

Numbly, I said, "My car looks just like yours."

He must've left his door unlocked, and I sleepily stumbled into it, thinking it

"HE FUCKED ME DOGGY-STYLE ON THE BED, PLAYING WITH THE PLUG THE ENTIRE TIME."

was mine. I burst into a peal of helpless giggling that was nervous release and exhaustion, more than anything.

The man looked dumbfounded.

We had stopped in the middle of a two-lane road, which I recognized as leading to a suburb. He said, "I'd better pull over." As he turned us toward a dirt turnout, he added, "My name is Nick."

"I'm Shirley." I liked how he looked. I also liked how cool he was being about finding a crazy lady sleeping in his car. My bizarro sex dreams were still bouncing around in my head.

Nick cut the engine and turned to me again. I told him what happened and where I worked, and he said he worked nearby. He, too, finally laughed. The mirth lit up his face nicely. After a little more chitchat, he said, "Well, I'll drive you back to your car."

I gave him a sultry smile. The turnout was underneath some heavy trees, and there was little traffic on the two-lane. Boldly, I said, "Maybe you'd like to join me back here first." With that, I unbuttoned my blouse.

Nick was clearly surprised, but he didn't look away as I slung off my bra. I squeezed my tits, bringing my nipples to stiff points. Wicked arousal had taken hold of me, probably helped in part by my sleepy fantasies. But now I was awake and humming with desire. I peeled my slacks down my legs, then started rubbing myself through my wet panties, causing pleasure to zoom through me.

Suddenly, Nick was tugging off his tie. As he got out of the rest of his clothes, I tossed aside my panties. When he climbed over into the backseat, I was ready for him, my body sizzling with pent-up need.

I pulled him down on top of me, drawing his mouth toward mine. He still wore a disbelieving expression. I reached down and took his gloriously hard cock in my fist to convince him this was really happening.

Our mouths parted and our tongues twisted together. I liked the mild burn of his stubble on my wet lips. His strong body pressed against me, and I felt how firm his musculature was. He put a hand on my tit, squeezing tentatively. When I moaned into his mouth, he groped me harder, tweaking my nipple.

My skin crackled as if charged with static electricity. The backseat was spacious, but there was no mistaking it for a proper bed. Still, the confinement added to the overall thrill. I hadn't fucked in a backseat in years.

I was still clutching his gorgeous cock, pumping his shaft. He shuddered, making a growling sound deep in his throat. He broke our slavering kiss and moved down to lick my neck. Soon he was sucking on my tits, one after the other. I jammed them deeper into his mouth as excitement overwhelmed me.

He kissed his way down the rest of my

body. I spread my legs wide, desperate for what was to come. Nick didn't disappoint. He settled his shoulders between my thighs and lowered his mouth to my waiting pussy.

The first contact of his lips made my ass bounce on the cushions. He parted my drenched folds with two fingers and slipped his tongue into me. He delved deeply, his tongue sliding up to stroke my pulsing clit.

My moans grew higher in pitch as he ate me out diligently. The car filled with his slurping sounds, and we'd also nicely steamed up the windows. I grabbed a handful of his hair and bucked my pussy violently against his mouth. My climax was an all-over bodily spasm that left me wriggling on the backseat as Nick drank my overflowing juices.

He sat up with a fiercely hard cock, and I took his shaft in my hand again to guide him toward my pussy. His thick cockhead pressed apart my slick lips. He drove himself forward, and I gasped when he penetrated me. He didn't rush the moment, letting me relish his penetration as I gradually accommodated his girth.

Nick's chin gleamed, and he grinned above me in the car's dim interior. My pussy grasped him snugly. Pleasure flowed out over me, finding every bundle of nerves in my body. I hoped our connection felt as good to Nick.

With steady, deliberate movements, he began to stroke into me. He pushed into me deeply, then withdrew until only his hefty knob hung inside my entrance. Then he drove home again. I worked my hips, meeting his thrusts and matching his rhythm.

When he picked up the pace, I stayed with him. I pulled his head down again and licked my taste off his chin, then we tangled tongues once more.

He fucked me harder still. My last climax was still softly ringing in my bones. But the generalized simmering pleasure throughout my body was gathering and gaining strength. I bucked forcefully against him, taking him even deeper.

Our kiss broke as I began to writhe on the seat. The ecstasy was almost too much, and I thrashed about beneath him. The climax tore through my very being, bringing a sharp orgasmic cry from my throat.

In my joy I finally realized I had uncoupled myself from Nick's cock. Feeling a flush of embarrassment, I decided to make the interruption worth it to him. Still panting from my climax, I managed to twist my body over onto my belly. I was still underneath Nick.

I looked over my shoulder and said, "Fuck my ass!"

More than one of my imaginary lovers had stuck his dream cock into my ass. Now I wanted the real thing.

His dick was thoroughly slickened with my pussy juice, but he worked himself inside carefully anyway. He made sure I was comfortable as he slowly slid his shaft into my butt hole. That gradual penetration was lovely, letting the muscle memory of that particular sex act return to me in its full glory.

When he was balls-deep in my ass, he held still for a moment until I said, "Do it! Fuck me hard!"

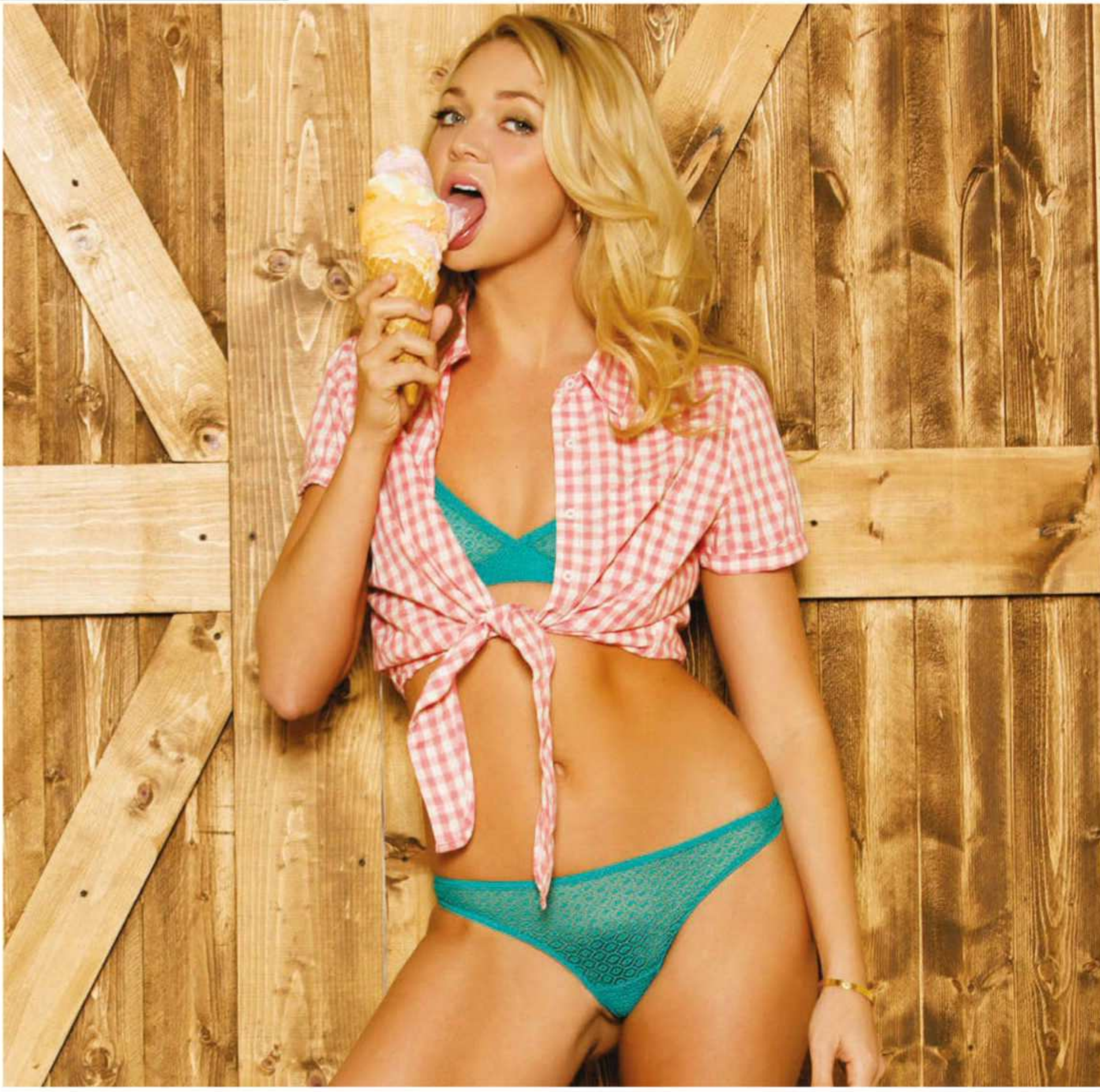
Nick started stroking into me again, this time jumping quickly into high gear. I was ready for him. I gripped the edge of the backseat and felt his cock repeatedly ream my asshole.

Already pushed beyond normal endurance, Nick couldn't hold back—and I didn't want him to. With a cry—which I matched with one of my own—he spewed his hot come into ass.

That was a ride I'll never forget.

—S.C., Phoenix, Arizona

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



SUGAR HIGH

JESSIE ANDREWS IS AS DELICIOUS AS HER FAVORITE DESSERT.

"WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T BRING FOOD INTO THE BEDROOM? "

—JESSIE

JESSIE ANDREWS

TOP 10

SKIN DIAMOND

TOP 10 SEXIEST SONGS

10. *Love is the Drug* by Roxy Music
9. *Buttons* by Pussycat Dolls
8. *Lady Marmalade* by LaBelle
7. *Dirrty* by Christina Aguilera
6. *Closer* by Nine Inch Nails
5. *Love to Love You Baby* by Donna Summer
4. *Ride* by Chase Rice
3. *3* by Britney Spears
2. *Sexual Healing* by Marvin Gaye
1. *Gett Off* by Prince

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VARIATIONS

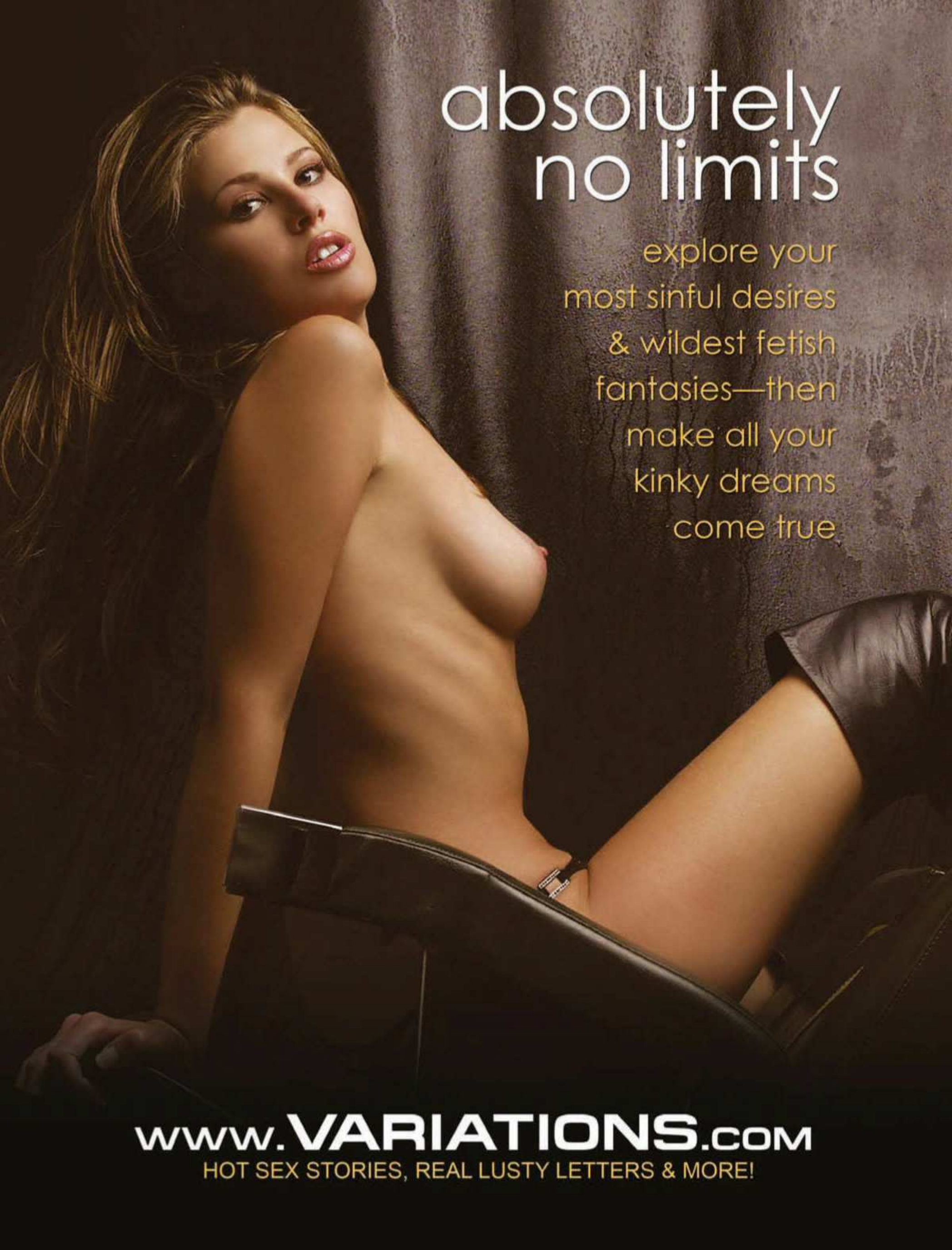
EDITOR'S NOTE

SUMMERTIME is hotter than ever with this issue of *Penthouse Variations*, which features erotic role-playing and grown-up games to light your fire.

Our mailbag is overflowing with letters from frisky fetishists, and this month we have the tales of those who delight in busty beauties, sexy spankings and sexual healing.

But that's not all! Katrina Schwartz presents her submissive hubby with a three-day challenge in "Eating Out," and finds her eager servant rises to the occasion—again and again! Janelle Morris switches things up in "I Will Obey," as she recounts her personal sexual awakening, which finds her in thrall to a successful businessman with a hunger for kink that rivals her own. And Wide World of Variations takes a walk on the wilder side with some clothes-swapping gender play and a man's bisexual romp—which is witnessed by his excited girlfriend.

What's your private passion? Send your kinkiest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.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BOOBY TRAP

God, her tits were huge. Huge and round and real. My idea of perfection. I saw her and my heart leapt. She was tall and blonde and at the bar with her friends. Her breasts were hard to ignore, which meant she was very popular with the guys trying to hook up for the night.

I took a deep breath and hoped I had the ability to stand out from the crowd—and convey my admiration without sounding like an asshole.

As I ordered a drink at the bar, I overheard that the blonde's name was Jenny and she was celebrating a promotion.

I turned after a moment and raised my glass. "Congratulations," I said softly.

She smiled. Her face lit up, actually. After so many guys trying their one-liners and offering her drinks, a simple congrats seemed welcome.

I let the ladies talk a few more minutes, and when Jenny's friends wanted to dance, she begged off and stayed at the bar.

I took my chance. "Can I buy you a drink?"

She agreed and moved closer to me. Her breast brushed my arm, and my cock pulsed in my jeans.

We introduced ourselves, and she sipped her gin and tonic slowly. Her friends continued to boogie to the next song as we chatted.

She surprised me by saying, "It's my tits, right?"

"You're lovely."

"Yeah, but the boobs..."

She actually grabbed them and gave them a boost, and I thought I'd come in my pants.

"I admit, I have a love of well-endowed ladies."

"Can you come if they aren't huge?"

I wanted to grab her and kiss her. Then bury my face in her cleavage. Her curiosity and bluntness were refreshing.

"Sure, but huge excites me more."

"Men like you fascinate me."

I nodded. "Women like you fascinate us."

"Let's go."

I raised an eyebrow.

"I was hoping to get laid tonight. You're a good-looking guy. And you're honest and not creepy."

She held out her hand, and I took it, overwhelmed by my good fortune.

We went to her place which, thankfully, was close by.

She didn't waste any time, and she wasn't shy. "You want to see them."

My dick felt like a tuning fork—rigid and vibrating. I almost laughed but thought better of it. "Is that a real question?"

"SHE PRESSED THOSE MOUNDS TOGETHER, PROVIDING A WARM, SILKEN FRICTION."

She was pulling down one of the straps of her little black dress.

I tried to focus on the whole picture, but my eyes kept going to those tits.

"Just answer me," she said.

"I do want to see them. Very much so."

"Good."

She moved toward me slowly, and I watched, slightly dazed, as she reached out and dragged a red fingernail down the length of my zipper. Behind those metal teeth my cock was aching for release.

She stood before me and pulled the other strap down. She was braless. When she lowered her bodice, her breasts sprang free. They were gloriously round and bouncy and tipped with huge pink areolas. Her nipples were already semi hard, and as a moan escaped me, I leaned forward and sucked one into my mouth.

She gasped.

Her hand went between her legs for a moment, and I knew she had to be touching herself.

I put my hands on the dress and pushed it the rest of the way down. Jenny stood there in little black panties and her heels. Nothing else.

I cupped her pussy with my hand and leaned in to suck her other nipple. She grabbed my head and held it there, so I drew on that little nub repeatedly.

"Mmm, that feeling goes straight to my cunt," she said. "It's making me all wet."

I held her ass cheeks and pressed my face to her enormous cleavage. Her skin was warm and soft. She slid her hand between us and found my cock. She stroked me through my pants until I gave a frustrated grunt and opened them.

Jenny smiled at me and walked to the sofa. She lay on her back and pressed her breasts together.

"You know you want to," she said, offering me her tits to fuck.

Oh, God—did I!

I straddled her tiny waist and leaned in to rest my cock between those pillowy breasts. She spit on her hand and rubbed my cock to make it wet. Then I went to town, tit-fucking her so intensely I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

She pressed those beautiful mounds together, providing a warm, silken friction. While her eyes were wide and curious as I fucked her chest, I let my eyes drift shut as I got closer to coming—but then forced them open so I didn't miss a moment. Her breasts had to be double Ds and were literally perfect—heavy, soft and with lovely nipples.

I'd hit the jackpot.

She said, "My pussy's so wet. Fuck me now."

I could tell she was as turned on by my tit-fucking as I was, and that made it all the better. She added, "After you fuck

me, you can come on them."

The words alone just about made me shoot. Instead, I slid downward, pressed my chest to her glorious bosom and eased my cock into her dripping pussy.

She hadn't been lying when she said she was wet. She was also tight and hot and amazing around my driving dick. I moved slowly at first, pounding her casually with my cock. She tossed her head and moaned, bucking her hips up toward me.

"Yes, right there," she murmured. "Yes, just like that. Yes!"

I moved a bit faster, but not too much. I kept an even pace, loving the feel of her big, hard nipples rubbing against my chest. I kissed her and then bit her neck. Her pussy spasmed hard and fast around me, and Jenny whimpered just a little. I shoved my hands under her ass and kept going.

"You like that?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yeah, I do."

I rocked my hips from side to side, and she whispered, "Yes. Keep fucking me just like that."

I kept it up until I felt her pussy grow tighter and tighter around my dick. Then she clutched me, holding me tight and mashing me against her chest. She was suddenly coming again, so intensely that wetness flooded the place where our bodies met.

I pulled free of her cunt and kissed her. Then I straddled her again, sliding my slippery cock into her satiny cleavage. She held her tits firmly, pressing them tightly together as I thrust.

"Come all over my big titties," she said.

I groaned. She was incredible.

"Come on. Make them slick. Make them slippery with your come."

That did it. I surged forward once more, watching her substantial cleavage swallow up my hard cock. I shot my load, coating her impeccable skin with my white, hot jizz.

She smiled at me. "I'm very glad you helped me celebrate my promotion."

"I'm honored you let me," I said. Then I pinched her rosy nipples because I couldn't resist.

–B.L., via email

RED HOT

Danielle and I had been dating about nine months. We rapidly became joined at the hip, doing everything together. So, it didn't take long for my secret desire to be spanked to be revealed.

We'd been rearranging some of her furniture, and as I passed by with a small wooden chair, she smacked me hard on the ass. I froze and then exhaled low and slow. She looked curiously and pointedly at my crotch.

I'd gone from flaccid inside my sweatpants to as hard as a rock–in an instant. My erection was like a divining rod. I tried to keep walking, but she snagged me by the back of my pants and asked, "What's that?"

I put the chair down and decided to give humor a shot. "My dick. You've seen it once or twice."

Her cheeks were flushed, and she looked–dare I say it–excited.

She grabbed my cock through my pants and gave me an easy squeeze.

Then her free hand came down on my ass with a muffled thud thanks to my sweats and boxers.

My cock jerked in her hand, and I was unable to stifle a groan.

"Your cock got harder."

"I don't think that's possible," I whispered.

"Neither did I," she responded, sliding her fist down my length. "But you are."

She pushed the chair aside with her foot and grabbed my hand. She didn't pause, just started walking, tugging me toward the bedroom.

My dick started to ache. I was hoping against hope I was about to get the spanking of my life. I realized I was holding my breath, and I exhaled slowly to regulate my breathing. There was no tempering my wild heartbeat, though.

She didn't wait at all. The moment we were in the bedroom, she pulled her tank top over her head. Her jeans were discarded and then her panties. She stood there nude. Her dusky, pink nipples were so hard they looked like pencil erasers.

She moved toward me quickly. She was a runner, and she moved like one, and then she whisked my sweatpants down as if performing a magic trick. My cock tented my boxers almost comically. I'd have laughed, but I was too horny to do that.

She pushed her fingers into the waistband and yanked my boxers down. My cock jutted toward her as I struggled to breathe.

She seized my erection in her small, warm hand and stroked me lazily. I curled my toes into the carpet as the pleasure of her touch overwhelmed me.

"You like to be spanked," she said.

It wasn't a question.

I nodded.

"I love that," she said with a sigh.

She circled me like I was an art display, and I found it incredibly arousing. She trailed her fingers over my shoulders and down my spine. She stroked the small of

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my back with exaggerated care. My cock twitched because I knew damn well she was teasing me.

She stood directly behind me so I couldn't see her at all. Her warm breath hit my back, and my skin rose up in goosebumps.

Her hand was slender but strong. She started to spank me with measured blows. The sound of flesh on flesh was sharp and loud in the bedroom. The only other sounds were our breathing and the air conditioner's hiss.

She paused again. "Hold your dick, but don't stroke it," she said in my ear. "Just hold it."

I sighed and did as I was told. I wrapped my hand around my erection and squeezed. Warm pleasure flooded my pelvis. My balls ached to come. I held my breath, and the blows started again.

She started to alternate cheeks, her palm moving from left to right and back again. Occasionally, she'd act as if she was going to shift but then delivered a second blow to the same cheek. Each strike caused my body to jerk ramrod straight. My cock jumped in my hand, and my insides screamed for me to jack it.

But I didn't.

She stopped spanking me, and the throbbing in my ass cheeks matched the pounding of my heart in my chest. Danielle squatted down behind me. I could feel her examining me. Her fingers danced over my skin. My flesh was on fire. She slid a finger down my asscrack. Then she pressed a gentle kiss to one of my thumping flanks.

Her hand slid around from behind, knocked mine out of the way and stroked me. All the while she dropped slow, easy kisses on my hot, tender skin. Her thumb swept over my cockhead, spreading the slippery pre-come she found there.

Finally, she moved around on her knees in front of me and looked up. She pressed her parted lips to the tip of my dick, and the warm, dampness of her mouth enveloped me. She slid her pretty mouth down my shaft until her lips hit my pubic hair.

I gripped a hunk of her blonde hair and held it. I slammed my hips forward. She clutched my ass and withdrew before driving her mouth down once more.

Then she pulled her mouth off my dick and stood. She went back behind me and my dick jerked in anticipation. She did exactly what I'd hoped: She delivered another searing blow.

"Count," she ordered as her hand connected with my rear.

"One…two…" By the time I got to 10, my erection felt like it could split wood.

Danielle climbed on the bed and patted the spot beside her. "Come on."

I moved to her, and she grinned at me. "I like this new information. I like knowing what gets you off."

She pushed me onto my back. I laid there with my dick pointed at the ceiling. She climbed aboard and lowered her wet pussy onto me an inch at a time. As her heat engulfed me, I gritted my teeth to keep my focus.

I was beyond turned on. The surprise spanking and her excitement was a heady combination.

When I was deep inside her, she started to rock. Her eyes drifted shut, and she placed her hands on my shoulders.

"I like how hard you are. How deep you are. I like that my hand stings, but I bet your ass stings worse. Am I right?"

"Yes," I said, reaching up to grab her tits. I squeezed her nipples, and she moaned. Her hips moved faster, and her pussy quivered around me.

I held my breath and thrust up under her. Every motion made my ass thump with pain, but it was a serious turn-on. Her pussy was squeezing me just right, pushing me closer to coming.

She continued to rock slowly, looking very pleased.

"I'll have to spank you more often."

I groaned.

She moved a bit faster, and then her cunt was spasming around me, squeezing me like a fist. She cried out, grabbing my hands, which still cupped her breasts.

She opened her eyes and squeezed my dick with her internal muscles. My abused ass pounded in time with my runaway pulse.

I came, giving her what she wanted: a loud messy orgasm as a result of her perfect spanking.

"You're such a bad boy," she said, leaning over me with a smile.

"Yes. But if that's your response, I plan to be bad way more often," I told her.

–P.D., Richmond, Virginia

PLAYING DOCTOR

Johnny came home early, and he had his medical bag. The very sight of the bag set my pussy gushing.

"How's my favorite patient?" he asked, displaying his infamously stellar bedside manner.

I fell back into my standard part for our role-playing scenario.

"I'm having some tension doctor. Some tightness. And I sometimes feel swollen." I put my head down coyly, doing my best to play off the heated blush in my cheeks as shyness—and not stunning arousal.

"Hmm. Doesn't sound too serious, but let's see what we can do. Let's get you in the exam room and up on the table."

When his office had been remodeled, we'd had one of the exam tables brought to the house. Everyone thought it was a fun novelty item. But it was actually the most perfect prop for our sex game. It was set up in our basement rec room.

I had worn a skirt that day due to the summer heat. I hopped up on the table and the chilled metal kissed the backs of my thighs. He washed up in the tiny sink behind the basement's bar and then came over, drying his hands on a paper towel.

My heart beat so hard I could feel the resounding thump in my pussy.

"Let's get your feet in the stirrups," he said.

"THE THROBBING IN MY ASS CHEEKS MATCHED THE POUNDING OF MY HEART."

A jolt of electric arousal shot through me. He helped me, gently putting my left foot in the metal "U" and then the right in its twin. "Scoot down to the edge of the table."

I did as asked, and when my bottom hit the lip of the table, I stopped.

Johnny parted my pussy lips, and I exhaled loudly. He cocked an eyebrow and smiled.

When I looked down between my parted thighs, I could see his crotch. His cock was hard. It pressed against the front of his gray work slacks. I wanted his dick inside me so damn bad. But then his finger slid into my wet pussy, and I sucked in a breath.

"Is this where you feel the tension?" He flexed his finger, and I swallowed a moan.

"Yes, Doctor."

He bent it again, and his thumb came down on my clitoris—pressing, pressing, pressing.

"And the tightness, the swollen sensation?"

I nodded fast, my heart racing wildly.

He slid a second finger into me and wiggled them both. That thick thumb continued to worry my clitoris.

"Let's see if we can give you some relief. Tell me if this helps."

He curled and relaxed his fingers again and again. My pussy grew tighter and wetter. I ached to come. And knowing that would be the first of several climaxes made my nipples as hard as stones beneath my little white T-shirt.

His thumb nudged my clit harder. "This better?"

I nodded. Then shook my head. I didn't know what to do or what to say. The pleasure was so intense; I was slightly out of my head.

"The swollen places are getting worse," Johnny said, putting on a baffled expression.

He bent closer to my pussy, and I felt his warm breath wash over my mound. "Let's get a closer look."

He hooked his ankle into a rolling stool we kept down there for just this game. He sat on it, putting his face level with my sex. He let his breath hit me a few more times. He kept his fingers flexing and dancing in

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"HE SLID IN AND OUT OF ME A FEW TIMES SLOWLY, JUST TO MAKE ME SQUIRM."

my drenched depths. He kept his thumb pressed firmly to my clit—until he replaced it with his tongue. When he licked me, my body danced like I'd been electrocuted, but I managed to still myself.

"This may help," he said, his mouth just barely removed from my tender flesh.

Then it was back, his tongue on my clit. He was lapping at me with slow, measured strokes. My pussy clenched tight around his probing fingers. My hips moved restlessly of their own accord.

"Oh, Doctor," I managed to sigh. My heart skipped a beat, and I found myself mindlessly pinching my nipples through my shirt.

He sucked my clit, drawing on it slowly at first, then faster. His fingers wriggled inside me as he sucked hard once more. I came, gushing honey and crying out.

He laughed softly. "That helped some. How about we try something else?"

I agreed, so Johnny stood and unfastened his button and zipper. He pushed his pants and briefs down, and his big, thick cock sprang free. I could hardly wait for him to put it in me. I actually gripped the table to steady myself.

He slid his cockhead along my dripping slit. "Do you still feel swollen?"

"I do," I managed.

He pushed only an inch inside me, and my body grew tight with tension and need. "How about now?"

"Yes. Still. Doctor."

He smiled, comforting, benevolent and in charge. Then he slid into me a bit farther.

The table was the perfect height for fucking. It could be raised and lowered slightly, and we had toyed with the adjustments until it was just right for us.

He pushed in slowly. "Now?"

"Yes," I gasped.

Further inside me. "Now?"

"Yes!"

Johnny had fully impaled me. His thumb wormed between us and found my clitoris once more, and he gave it some teasing strokes. He began to rock in and out of me. I was so hot and tender and wet. I bumped up to meet his thrusts, and he stroked my clit faster.

I clenched my internal muscles as he clenched his jaw.

Johnny lifted my feet out of the stirrups and held them, slamming into me hard and fast. Warm sticky pleasure flooded my body.

"Oh, Doctor…"

"Sometimes, I have to be a bit brisk to alleviate the discomfort," he said. "Tell me if it's too much."

I shook my head violently. "No, no, not too much. Perfect."

"I think that tension is about to release," he said. "Let's see."

He froze, and my pussy flickered and spasmed around his dick. I wanted him to move, to give me more, to finish me off.

"Is it worse now?"

"My God, yes," I groaned.

He stroked a single finger behind my knee, and the unexpected touch made my cunt seize up around him.

"Maybe this will do the trick."

He slid in and out of me a few times slowly, just to make me squirm. And then he found that hard and fast rhythm again, and I cried out loudly, climaxing wildly.

He trailed a finger down my belly, the game of make-believe having been tossed aside for the moment. I panted and laughed, all at the same time.

He's always been the perfect cure for whatever ails me.

L.G., Portland, Oregon

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ROLLING WITH MY BABY

JAMIE AND RYAN ARE INTO SOME FREAKY STUFF,
BUT WE ARE TOTALLY ON BOARD.

JAIME & RYAN

"I LOVE FUCKING WITH ROLLER BLADES AND SOCKS ON. IT'S SO HOT!"

—JAIME

EATING OUT

If Dom can pass his mistress' three-day test, he knows unimaginably good pleasure will be his reward.

By Katrina Schwartz

Things had been hectic for months. Dom and I hardly had time to have sex, let alone play. The stress of work and moving was wearing on us both. I sighed and hung up from my call with the plumbers. They were supposed to give us an estimate on redoing a section of pipe in the new house but had rescheduled. Again.

So much to juggle, so little time for fun.

"So, we make time," I said to myself.

Our creativity as a couple went beyond redoing our new dream house. It included our unconventional sex life, which had been suffering greatly and needed some sprucing up as badly as our home did.

I grabbed my cell and called Dom.

"Yes, love?"

"Busy?"

"Just finishing up a project."

"Put it down right now," I said, my voice clipped.

I heard his sharp intake of air, and then his voice dropped to say, "Okay."

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, Ma'am," he responded, his voice a breathy whisper.

"It's been ages," I said.

"It has."

"I want to play a game with you."

"Yes."

"I'll meet you at the house after work. Get pretty for me, Dominic. I'm taking you out to eat."

"Yes, Ma'am."

I hung up without another word. Just thinking about our date and the game that would follow had my pussy thumping. I was half tempted to hike up my skirt beneath my huge desk and finger myself to orgasm right there.

Instead, I went back to work—after noting the new meeting with the plumbers in my phone's calendar and sharing the event with Dom. No doubt he was sitting in his office with a hard dick and a racing heart.

At least, I hoped he was.

He knew me well enough to understand that "get pretty for me" meant jeans and a T-shirt, so later that evening that's exactly what he put on. I loved my husband in a suit. I loved him in shorts. I especially loved him buck-ass naked. But

"EVERY DRAG OF HIS TONGUE DELIVERED A SENSATION OF SWELLING ECSTASY."

something about him in his well-loved faded jeans and a plain black tee made my heart go pitter-patter.

I smiled at him and held up a finger. "Let me change."

I had to keep from chuckling when I realized he was probably thinking we were going to go somewhere casual to eat before we got to the good stuff.

I threw on an orange sundress and nothing else.

When I came downstairs, his eyes were bright with excitement and he kissed me. "You look amazing."

I raised my eyebrow at him and slid my fingertip over the already stiff bulge behind his zipper. "Good enough to eat?"

He stepped closer and murmured against my neck, "Yes." He kissed me there until goosebumps prickled along my skin and my nipples turned to hard spikes inside my dress.

"Good. Let's go." I took his hand and led him outside to our back patio. We were shielded from the view of our neighbors for the most part. But should anyone decide to get nosy and come over, there wasn't really any place to hide.

I sank down in a lounge chair and relished the warm breeze against my skin. I hooked a finger at him, and he came to me.

I patted the lounger, and he sat. I grabbed the front of his tee and tugged him toward me. I kissed him softly. When he responded, I kissed him more intensely. I nipped his lower lip hard enough to make him groan.

I stared into his brown eyes. "You're going to eat me, Dom. You're going to eat me until I order you to stop. Do you understand?"

He nodded, shifting on the edge of the lounger.

I put my hand on his bulge and squeezed lightly. "But you don't get to come, darling. Not today."

He looked surprised but also somehow still eager to dive in. I squeezed him again.

"Tomorrow, I'll take you out to eat somewhere else. Then the next night, to yet another place. And if you please me on all three nights…" I raked my teeth down his neck and nipped him, and he jumped. "Then you get to come."

I licked his lower lip and felt him tremble. "And I'll make sure you come hard. You won't forget it."

He nodded enthusiastically.

"Good." I laid back and splayed my legs. My dress still covered my pussy—but not for long because my husband lifted the hem and dragged his fingers over

my close-clipped mound. Then he got between my legs and licked me.

The first lick is always the best. I don't care what anyone says.

He moved closer to me, pressing his mouth against me. His legs flailed like he could move further still, and a flare of arousal ignited inside me.

I briefly wished I hadn't merely ordered oral sex, but it was for the best. By the time Friday came, so would he—like a volcano.

He always got into eating my pussy. He'd writhe like it gave him pleasure, and he claimed it did. I believed him.

I rocked my hips up toward his mouth, letting the caress of his tongue wash over me. His motions were chaotic at first but gradually grew more controlled. He lapped at me methodically, and every drag of his tongue delivered a warm sensation of swelling ecstasy.

"Fingers," I whispered.

He didn't have to be told twice. He slid a finger into me. Just one at first. He moved it against the walls of my cunt until I gasped. Then he concentrated on a single perfect spot—the one that gave me the most pleasure. I felt myself slide closer to orgasm.

I pulled down the top of my dress and toyed with my nipples. When he slipped a second finger inside me, I pinched my nubs—hard. My pussy clenched around his thrusting digits as his soft, wet tongue explored every crevice of me.

"Do you want me to come?" I asked.

He moaned against me, and the vibration from his voice rumbled through me like an earthquake.

He nodded dumbly as his tongue kept swabbing my slit.

"Then add another."

He pulled free and then introduced all three fingers at once. He slowly pushed them inside me, parting and spreading me with care. I'm small, and his fingers are big. I can be stretched, I can be filled, but it takes patience and skill.

Dom had both.

When all three digits were seated deep in my cunt, I exhaled. He rocked his fingers in and out of me while sucking my clit. The sensation grew, quickly overtaking me. The burst of sweetness deep inside me caused my cunt to gush. I felt wetness slide from me, felt how easy his fingers suddenly seemed to move.

I exhaled softly, pushed him away as I ordered him to stop, and tried to put on my game face.

"Good job, Dom. Would you like to go eat actual food now?" I patted his head.

He looked up at me, his eyes shiny as he licked his lips. He nodded. "Yes."

So we went out to eat.

The next day, I walked in the door and Dom immediately embraced me from behind.

"Where to this time?" he whispered.

"I hear there's a free concert down at the park tonight."

I put on another sundress, this time with black panties beneath. I drove, letting him sit in the passenger seat and stew.

He shifted constantly, and when I put my hand in his lap I found a lovely erection there. I squeezed it, teasing him, torturing him. He moaned softly, and I squeezed it again.

"Soon," I said. "Provided you please me tonight."

The concert was by a classic rock cover band. Nothing I was very interested in. But I was interested in the thick copse of trees and hedges around the perimeter of the show. There were temporary fences erected along the edge during concerts to keep people out of the woods.

I moved past the flimsy fence easily enough, and Dom followed dutifully.

I made sure I could keep an eye on our entry spot, which would give me fair warning should anyone come close. But the danger, the chance that someone would see us, had my pussy thumping merrily.

I put my index fingers on his shoulder and gently pushed. He went down to his knees in a second.

"Please me," I said. "Eat me."

He groaned again. I knew his cock must be insanely hard.

He lifted my dress gently as if it were made of glass and might shatter. He pushed his mouth to the gusset of my panties and exhaled a hot breath against me. I pushed toward his mouth and felt the sharp edges of his teeth against my tender flesh.

He started to lick me through my undies. He found my hard clit easily, rubbing the tip of his tongue against the fabric that covered it. He palmed my ass cheeks and squeezed, pulling me even closer to his mouth as his tongue danced over my pussy.

I was growing exponentially wetter, and I felt the cotton crotch of my panties becoming soaked. He slid a finger beneath

the fabric and found my drenched hole. He pushed inside as I gripped his hair.

"This has to be quick, so we don't get caught."

He nodded against me, and I tugged his hair hard enough to make him suck air through his clenched teeth.

He fucked me with his finger as he nudged the crotch of my panties aside. Then his hot, wet tongue was right against my throbbing clit. It stood out, and every time he licked it pleasure shot through me like a bolt of lightning.

I yanked his hair harder, and I saw him reach for the erection tenting his cargo shorts.

I yanked his hair again. "No," I said insistently.

He obeyed but redoubled his efforts at my pussy. It was as if he put all of his need to come into making me come. He sucked the swollen knot of my clit fiercely as he continued to finger-fuck me.

As the first guitar lick of the evening sounded, he delivered a firm lick of his flattened tongue—and that did me in.

I pushed my forearm to my mouth as I came, stifling my moans. I gripped his head, holding him to me until the final spasms of my pleasure had ended. My entire body felt warm and light.

He stood, licking his lips and running a hand through his hair. I leaned in to kiss him and taste myself on his tongue.

"Good boy," I said. "One more night to go, and then you get to empty this load." I squeezed his still-hard cock as I spoke. I swear I felt it twitch in my grip.

We retrieved our blanket from the car and finished our date, relaxing on the grass as we listed to the band. The music was both hard and soft. Dom was just hard.

The next day, I sent him a text saying I'd be home late. I waited until everyone else in the office had left for the night, and then texted him to come to my office. He replied immediately saying he'd be there in 10 minutes.

I met him at the door and grabbed the front of his shirt. I hauled him in for a kiss and stuck my tongue in his mouth. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me hard.

"How are you holding up?" I put my hand on his fly, and his cock was as hard as I expected.

"I'm okay. I think I might burst before tomorrow."

"Let's see how you do today. If you make me happy, then tomorrow you can explode as many times as you want."

He followed me to my office, and I sat at my desk. He motioned to shut the door. "Leave it," I told him.

He left it open as ordered, and I curled a finger at him, so he came to me. I

"THE CLOSER I GOT TO COMING, THE MORE MY FINGERS TWIRLED IN HIS HAIR."

rubbed his erection through his pants and watched him grit his teeth hard enough to make his jaw flex.

"Get under the desk," I commanded.

Dom looked confused but didn't falter. He climbed beneath my desk and watched me from underneath as I sat in my seat. I'd already pulled my panties off. When I sat and let my legs fall open, he could see my pussy.

He licked his lips, and a shiver went through me. His mouth was an amazing thing. He liked me to dominate him, but dragging out days of endless oral from him was a boon. He grabbed my bare ankles just above my high heels and dragged me forward to his seeking mouth.

His big hands settled on my thighs and held them wide. I could have told him no hands, and he'd have obeyed. But the feel of his huge hands on my legs, holding me open, made me wetter than I cared to admit.

He pressed his nose to me, inhaling deeply. That always turned me on, too. How much he loved the scent of me, not just the taste.

His hands inched higher, and he parted me a little more. His lips touched me softly. He kissed all around my mound and my labia. He exhaled hot breath on me, and I felt myself growing restless.

"You're teasing me," I said, realizing it as I said the words. "Do you want to come tomorrow or not? Because I can deny you, remember."

He lingered another moment—his mouth close to my pussy but not on it—then he caved, lowering his head and lapping at me. His gripping fingers bit into my thighs, and the little touch of pain only made me more turned on.

Dom suckled my clit, never breaking contact, until I bumped my hips up to make him stop. His actions were so intense that they stole my breath.

I spread my legs wide and let him go back to it. I kept my hand on his head, and the closer I got to coming, the more my fingers twirled in his dark hair. I heard the front office door unlock and open and my heart skipped. It was what I'd been hoping for.

Dom slowed, and I tapped his head. "Don't you dare stop."

It was the janitorial crew. A vacuum kicked on in the lobby, but I heard heavy footfalls headed my way. The office was quiet but for us, so everything was amplified.

Beneath the desk, Dom must have gotten a burst of motivation because his tongue was all over me—a hot, wet mess of flicks and licks.

His fingers slipped into my cunt, and I had to swallow a moan.

"Oh, hi. Sorry," said a man at the doorway.

"Hello." My voice went up unnaturally. The shot of adrenaline from the stranger arriving while Dom was beneath the desk had caused my pleasure to skyrocket. "Don't worry about it."

"Did you want us to vacuum in here or leave it until later?'"

He'd taken a step inside the room, and though the back of my desk was a solid slab of wood and the footwell was covered, Dom seemed nervous. But he didn't let it affect his work. He slid a second finger into me and sucked my clit like he was sucking a tiny cock.

A burst of laughter escaped me to cover the moan I actually wanted to let loose.

The man looked at me oddly. Who could blame him?

"Skip me please. I'm wrapping up some work. If you're still here"—I had to pause for a breath—"after I go, you can do this room."

The man backed out of my office slowly, and I almost laughed again.

The moment he was gone, I raised my hips and let myself go. Dom ate me in a frenzy, and I came, shoving my hand against my mouth so the poor unsuspecting staff wouldn't come running to find out why I was screaming like a banshee.

I pushed myself back from the desk after my heart rate regulated. I looked down at Dom's smiling face. He was very pleased. Lucky for him, so was I.

I touched his nose and said, "Tomorrow, you come."

He nodded, grinning broadly.

I actually cut the following workday short. I texted Dom and asked if he could do the same. When I got home, his car was already in the driveway.

I walked in, and he stood in the living room in his faded jeans and equally faded tee. His hair was mussed which meant he'd changed quickly, and his cheeks were flushed. I could tell just by looking at him that he was excited and already raring to go.

I dropped my bag and started to unbutton my dress. My heels clacked on the floor as I walked toward him.

"Are you ready? You've been a very good boy."

He nodded but remained mute.

"Use your words, boy."

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm ready."

"Good." I let the dress fall to the floor and took off my panties and then my bra. I left the heels on. They were strappy high-heeled sandals that made my runner's legs look amazing.

"Today, you get the pleasure of seeing your mistress on her knees."

A low needy sound escaped his lips, and I smiled.

I waved a finger at his fly. "Undo that. Take off your clothes—and be quick about it."

He worked his button and zipper with shaking fingers. His cock was so hard that when he unfastened his pants, his erection lurched out eagerly. He was mouth-wateringly hard.

I hummed, making a yummy noise, and got down on my knees. I put my lips to his cockhead and held his balls in my hand. I squeezed a bit harder than I needed to and drove my mouth down his shaft.

I pulled back to say, "You will not come until I give you permission."

I didn't wait for his answer, attacking his hard shaft. His skin tasted like salt and cotton. I ran my tongue along the ridge of his cockhead and watched his arms twitch and his pelvis drive forward.

I grabbed his hips and sucked him down, utterly turned on by his sounds of desperation.

I'd let him come, and then I'd have him fuck me. My pussy ached to be filled after so many days without cock. I wanted him to drive that hard dick into me until I couldn't speak and all thoughts of giving orders had left my mind.

His breathing was that of a runner at the end of his race. I looked up at him and saw how badly he was struggling to hold on.

I gave him a few more wet sucks and then said loudly, "Come."

He came, covering my lips and chin and chest in hot cream. He had no idea how much that excited me. No idea how ready I was to be fucked.

Instead of letting on, I stood and pointed to my sticky skin. "Clean this up, boy. So we can get onto your second orgasm of the night."

"Yes, Ma'am," he whispered and then started to lick me clean.

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I WILL OBEY

An accidental discovery sets a woman on a lifelong quest to fulfill her kinky cravings.

By Janelle Morris

Sometimes an innocent event can turn your entire life around. Sometimes you end up discovering some crucial thing about yourself. A part of your being which might otherwise have gone unexplored or misunderstood gets dragged out into the light, and you learn the truth of your own self. It's a glorious thing.

For me, it was during my first week with my sorority. Actually, to call the event "innocent" is overstating it. This was hardly a wholesome occurrence. We were a bunch of vivacious young women, brimming with the exuberance. For the first time we were truly away from our homes and away from whatever influences our upbringings had had on us. I knew I was ready to embrace the grown-up world, in every respect.

But first I had to integrate with my new environment. My sorority house was full of upperclasswomen who had seniority over me and the other new arrivals. The older girls had authority. We had to do what we were told.

Our hazing was a wild, all-night thing. We had to answer embarrassing questions and perform various physical feats, but it wasn't too bad. Not like what I'd heard went on in some of the frats. Even so, at one point we newbies all had to strip and crawl on our hands and knees down a long hallway, while the older sorority sisters spanked our bare asses.

It wasn't as vicious as it probably sounds. Most of the women just casually swatted us with their bare hands. The smacks stung me, but not badly. Being naked in front of everybody was weird, but I was willing to endure it. I definitely wanted to be in that sorority; I was willing to do anything.

Then I noticed a blonde sister named Tess. As I crawled, I saw she was striking the initiates with a folded over leather belt. The girls ahead of me squealed as they got hit. Tess was grinning, really putting some muscle behind her lashes. I grew nervous as I approached her.

But something else stirred in me. I found myself looking up at the formidable statuesque blonde. She was my superior. I had to submit to being struck by her belt. In fact, I somehow craved it.

"MY PUSSY FLOWED IN RESPONSE AS A SINISTER PLEASURE CHURNED WITHIN ME."

Strangely, though, I didn't hesitate or even flinch as the girls ahead of me had been doing. When it was my turn, I crawled right up to her. I even lifted my ass higher, as if obeying some instinct. In the seconds before the blow, a weird hot thrill tingled all through me. I felt my nipples go stiff and dampness touched my pussy.

Tess whacked me with the leather belt. A stripe of bright sensation crossed my naked ass cheeks. Gooseflesh suddenly stood out all over me. A choked cry escaped my throat, but it wasn't because I hadn't liked getting struck. In fact, I lingered there for a couple more seconds, as if waiting for Tess to do it again.

I didn't understand my own reaction. Confused but excited, I withstood the rest of the initiation ceremony and found myself welcomed into the sisterhood.

But I became fascinated with Tess, following her around like a puppy. It wasn't anything unusual for new girls to have crushes or even full-on relationships with the older sisters, but this seemed something more mysterious to me. I didn't want to fuck Tess so much as...I didn't know what, exactly. The bewilderment consumed me.

One week, I failed to do my household chores properly. I was sent to Tess' room, to receive my punishment. The other sisters giggled as I went in. Tess gave me a severe look as I closed the door behind me. "Kneel," she told me in a stern voice. I saw why she was in charge of discipline.

I dropped to my knees immediately. The same excitement I'd felt before feeling the slap of her leather belt touched me. My body rippled with strange sensations. Tess loomed above me as she started in, berating me for my dereliction of duty. Every harsh word increased the tingly excitement in me. I liked having her verbally reprimand me, I realized.

Suddenly she stopped, peering closely at me. Maybe she saw the flush on my cheeks or how my tits rose and fell with my rapid, excited breathing. A new gleam sparkled in her eye. "You need further discipline, I see." She told me to stand, drop my pants and bend over her bed.

Shivering, I obeyed her. My naked butt was exposed. I heard her take up a belt as she stepped in behind me. *Slap!* The leather struck my ass. The same kind of thrill went through me as before, but it was more intense. *Slap!* She gave it to me again. My pussy throbbed, and I could tell my juices were flowing.

Tess alternated, hitting one cheek then the other. She started up with her chastisements again, telling me how bad I'd been, how I was such a disobedient girl. My body rocked with excitement, and indecent pleasure accompanied every smack of her belt against my quivering flesh.

I buried my face in the bed and felt a titanic orgasm sweep through me. The bliss was insanely powerful, stronger than anything I'd ever experienced before, even with past boyfriends. Tess had to know what she was doing. After I came, she told me to stand and pull up my pants. She softly kissed my forehead and said I was a good girl. I wanted to sob with gratitude as she sent me on my way.

Needless to say, there were lots more incidents like that during my sorority days. I purposely got myself into trouble so Tess would have to discipline me. Eventually, we gave up all pretense and became lovers, with her as the decidedly dominant one.

But school doesn't last forever, and soon I was out in the real world, making my way.

I got an entry-level job at a prestigious firm and applied all my skills to aid my professional success. Soon I moved up to an assistant position. There were secretarial duties, but I also had many chances to offer input. The blonde-haired woman who ran our department liked my ideas.

For a fleeting moment she reminded me of Tess, and my skin prickled with the memory of the many spankings my old lover had given me. But this woman wasn't Tess.

I hadn't had any luck at romance. I knew I needed someone to dominate and discipline me. I wanted to be told to do things, and if I did them wrong, I wanted to be punished. But that wasn't something I felt I could tell just anybody I might be dating casually.

I tried feeling out various lovers and potential partners, but nobody had that

VARIATIONS

↘ DOMINANT SEXPLAY

"EVERY OVERSTIMULATED NERVE SCREAMED WITH EVIL DELIGHT AS I CAME."

severe gleam in their eye like Tess. Any hints I made were often too subtle. Others recoiled at the notion of BDSM play. It was a frustrating stretch.

Then Matthew came along.

Matthew headed a different department. One day an emergency occurred, and he desperately needed someone who could analyze data in a hurry and give an intelligent summary. My boss loaned me out for the day.

It was chaos in the other department, but I set myself to the task, organizing my corner of the crisis. I put together a quick, solid analysis.

Matthew looked it over. "This is good work."

"Thank you, sir."

He must have heard something in my voice, since by that point I had taken the time to assess him as well. He was a well-built man, with a handsome face. He was also strict in his manner. He peered at me, and to my utter delight I saw that special glint in his eye.

After a moment he said in a husky tone, "It's lucky you didn't mess this up. I would've had to...be severe with you."

My mouth trembled with a wicked smile. My heart was beating fast. He must have seen the flush I felt on my face. His jaw muscles twitched visibly.

We both knew the delicate dance we had to do. The firm's HR division couldn't know about our connection. But if he was into dominant sex he might already be well practiced in secrecy.

Quietly, we made arrangements to meet.

The next night I went to his apartment. It was a luxury unit, the decor sleek and cool. Matthew was dressed in an immaculate suit. He told me to change into the outfit he'd gotten for me. His tone was sharp.

When I was in the snug black French maid's getup, he looked me up and down with glaring judgment. That night I was to serve him. I wanted to do it. But the thrill of it for me was the possibility that I wouldn't serve him perfectly. And if that happened I expected to face the consequences.

I was given a list of domestic chores. I went about the tasks. Plainly nothing in his pristine apartment needed cleaning, but I dutifully scrubbed the floors and polished the lustrous fittings.

I was on my knees much of the time. I was intensely aware of Matthew following behind me, scrutinizing my performance.

He seemed to radiate a cool authority. Now and then I got a glimpse of the stern expression on his face, and a fresh chill of desire crackled through me.

Excitement buzzed in my pussy. As I tended to my chores, I stuck out my ass a little more prominently. My anticipation built and built, becoming something wonderfully excruciating. Tess had never made me wait like Matthew was so clearly doing.

Finally, as I moved on from the brass-framed coffee table, Matthew's voice cut through the air, "Stop." I froze. He stepped forward, letting out a long breath. "You missed a spot. Look."

Shivering, I turned. I had indeed left a smudge. Right then, I couldn't be sure if I'd done it deliberately or not. But the shuddering excitement I felt at having been caught was unmistakable. We had, of course, discussed in advance what range of punishments I might receive.

But we didn't cut straight to anything physical. First, Matthew rebuked me. He was good at it. His strident voice rang. He told me I had been bad, and how he was going to have to reluctantly correct me. Even Tess hadn't played this part of our fun so convincingly.

At last he told me to bend all the way over and grasp the edges of the coffee table. The position stretched the muscles in my legs, but I gladly managed it. It also left me staring at the

smudge, while my ass was higher than my head, fully exposed.

Well, not fully, not yet. Matthew moved in behind me. He flipped my skirt up over my back. Then drawing another long breath—during which anticipation was like a crackling flame inside me—he peeled my panties down my legs.

My bare ass awaited, my pussy damp with arousal.

I heard him undo his belt buckle, and then the hiss of leather as he slid the belt out of its loops. There was a leathery creak when he folded it. I bit my lip, maintaining my utterly vulnerable stance.

He drew in an audible breath, then the air whistled a second before a hot band of deliciously electric pain crossed the bare cheeks of my ass. Every nerve in my body came alive at the contact. My pussy flowed in response as a sinister pleasure churned within me.

But Matthew wasn't done with lecturing me. His commanding voice queried: "Do you understand why I have to do this to you?"

I hesitated to say anything, earning myself another hot lash.

"Answer me!" he demanded.

With my voice quavering, I said, "Yes, because I've been bad."

It wasn't fear or pain making my voice shake; it was pure lust.

Matthew struck me once more, punctuating the blow with the declaration: "And this is what happens to bad girls."

There was no denying his skill with the belt. He landed the leather on a fresh spot each time, awakening new nerves. Heat boiled in me, and blood rushed to my head in my bent-over position. The entire scene was fantastic.

The belt continued to sing through the air and sting my ass. A thrill was overtaking me, a wicked orgasmic eruption. I was helpless to hold it back, and, of course, Matthew wouldn't have wanted me to deny it.

My knees shook as my calves continued to ache from the strain. My fingers were white where they gripped the coffee table's edge. I gazed in thankful awe at the smudge which had allowed me to be punished like this.

When the belt struck once more, a final convulsive upheaval overwhelmed me. The cry I'd been holding back exploded from my throat as ecstasy ripped up and down my body. Every overstimulated nerve screamed with evil delight as I came, helpless and delirious.

The strength went out of me, and Matthew, ever alert, swiftly caught me before I collapsed onto the table. He gently drew me upright and held me gently. His lips brushed my temple as he murmured loving words, telling me how good I was, how well I'd endured my discipline.

Shaking slightly, I raised my head and pressed my mouth to his. Our kiss deepened as new desire welled in me. I stepped out of my panties and led him toward the bedroom. On the way, I groped his crotch and his steel-hard bulge.

We flung off our clothes. Now we would just be lovers, intent on more conventional pleasures. But what we'd already done had bonded us. I felt a deep intimacy with this man. I had shared my deepest self with him, and I accepted and embraced his dominant nature.

With Matthew's cock in my hand, I drew him up onto the bed. His body was firm and muscular. I had him lie on his back. This was going to be the only sex position I could manage with my ass smarting the way it was. I liked the lingering hurt, though.

VARIATIONS

↘ DOMINANT SEXPLAY

I climbed on top of him, setting his cock to my slick pussy and lowering myself onto his shaft. I planted my palms on his chest and rode up and down on him, not hurrying. He seemed to enjoy the gentle pace as well, until I felt urgency start in him. Then he thrust up into me as I bucked atop him, each of us racing toward our climaxes.

His come jetted into me as I slammed down on him a final time, wincing slightly. The extra burst of pain triggered my own release. He noticed, and suddenly we were both giggling in our orgasmic afterglow.

"HIS COME JETTED INTO ME AS I SLAMMED DOWN ON HIM, WINCING SLIGHTLY."

We carried on like that in the days and weeks that followed. No one at work suspected anything, and I doubt they would have guessed that Matthew was regularly giving me disciplinary spankings at his apartment.

It was an incredible experience. But something was...well, not quite missing, but a memory nagged at me. It was of crawling naked down the hallway in the sorority house, being swatted by that series of women. What if they, like Tess, had all understood the connection between pleasure and pain?

I mentioned it to Matthew one night, and my confession started a new set of plans in motion. A week later, he had everything arranged.

He knew people in the BDSM community, trustworthy people, ones as considerate and mindful as himself. He invited a dozen of these women and men over to his place one night. They were all dressed elegantly.

I waited in the wings in my snug maid's outfit. I trembled with a slow-burn excitement. Fantasy and memory grappled in my mind, waiting to be superseded by reality.

Finally, I was brought out. Everyone was sipping some of Matthew's expensive wine. They studied me thoughtfully, commenting among themselves, as if I were a curious exotic animal wandering among them.

Matthew set me to my chores. I found that performing the menial tasks in front of so many strangers was both humiliating and very exciting. I was certainly the servant there, the submissive one. As I did my polishing and scrubbing, I felt the stares of the others. Each, I'd noted, had that special cool gleam in their eyes.

After a time, as must inevitably happen, I made a mistake. I failed to properly clean some part of Matthew's pristine apartment. Though this time, I'd definitely done it on purpose. Matthew pointed out my error, and all conversation ceased. All those eyes focused on me. I gazed at Matthew and saw him wearing his most severe expression.

I stood. He said he was going to have to punish me, as if I didn't already know, as if I weren't longing for it. But this time it would be different. It would be extra special.

He told me to drape my upper body across the big dining table in the middle of the room. I obeyed, desire already alive in me. My face grew hot as he flipped up my skirt. The others all gathered. He lowered my panties.

Everyone could see my bare ass. Then came the sound of Matthew getting his belt ready. I loved that belt. I adored it as much as I feared it. With my legs spread and feet planted, I waited those last breathless seconds.

Matthew's chastising words cut across me with the same force he put into the swinging leather belt as he struck me. He

told me I was a bad girl. Hearing such words spoken in front of all those other people lent the phrases a wicked strength.

"Yes! Yes!" I cried out when he prompted me. "I'm such a bad girl!"

He delivered a few more harsh slaps, but he didn't give me the full regimen this time. Instead, he paused. As though the idea had just occurred to him, he said, "I think you should be punished by my friends, as well, since they had to witness you being so naughty."

I disappeared into the moment. It felt real to me.

Yes. Yes, I should be publicly disciplined. These strangers should take their turn with me. I deserve it!

I had seen all of their faces, and I certainly didn't know if it was a man or a woman who first moved in behind me. I heard the buckle jingle as the belt traded hands. A few seconds later the leather whistled through the air, and I was struck across my exposed ass cheeks. Only Tess and Matthew had ever spanked me before that night. Now I received three stripes from an unknown hand.

Three was the number we had decided on for each guest. There were limits to the "comfortable" amount of pain I wanted to receive on any given occasion. But as the belt was passed among the group, I immediately lost track of the count. A sensual blur overtook me. I was transported on the undulating backs of angels or demons, taken to a realm of rapture.

I came with a torrid blast of bliss. Each impact of leather on flesh was a fresh sting of pleasure. The ecstasy swam in me again almost immediately, rising implacably to the surface. Moments later, as my third climax devoured me, I cried out piercingly.

My voice rang out in the spartan apartment. As I caught my breath, Matthew saw his guests out. Then he returned and lifted me from the table to carry me into the bedroom. I knew before he told me what a good girl I was.

UNDERCOVER

I was trembling with nervousness and tingly with strange excitement, which told me our little experiment was already succeeding—even before it had really begun !

I shared the same psychology class with my boyfriend, Aiden. Our professor was always telling us to think outside the box. She was big on gender issues and how people got socialized into accepting certain parameters. It was a tough course.

Early in the semester, we found ourselves with a paper due. Aiden and I had been allowed to pair up for the project. We had to come up with something clever and insightful. The professor had left the topic wide open for the class, which actually made the task harder. But Aiden and I had racked our brains, and we'd come up with a wild idea.

I was in the bathroom, putting on my... well, costume I'd guess you'd say. I had on a tight ribbed tank top which I'd gotten in the men's section of a clothing store. I'd had to go to a sports place for the other item: a jockstrap. It had a black elastic band that went around the waist and a pouch meant to hold a guy's junk.

After I slipped it on and turned before my mirror, I saw it left my butt exposed. And of course I didn't have a cock to fill out of the front. My tits pressed out against the tank top, further divulging my gender.

But the point wasn't to pretend I was a man. I was wearing male underthings to deliberately juxtapose my femininity with the masculine wear.

The sight of myself in the getup stirred something in me. I liked wearing lingerie, especially when Aiden and I fucked, but this was something totally new for me—which was the point. We would present ourselves to each other in traditionally gender-opposite underwear, then note our reactions. All in the name of science.

While I prepared myself, Aiden was in my bedroom, donning my frilly underthings. I honestly didn't know how I would respond to the sight of him like that. But I was already transfixed by my transformed image in the full-length bathroom mirror.

I strutted back and forth, grinning at myself. I even murmured, "Hey, boy, you want to come over here and suck my cock?" I giggled at myself. But I realized I was pretty turned on.

Finally, I went to the door and knocked. "Aiden? You ready for me?"

There was a pause. Then in a quavering voice, he said, "Okay, come on in." I realized he must've been nervous, too. I bit my lip in anticipation and opened the door.

Aiden had had the pick of my lingerie. He could have done something half-assed, like put on a pair of my panties and a camisole. I was very athletic, and he had a sleekly muscled build, so we were near enough in body sizes.

But he'd gone all-out. I stepped into the bedroom, and my jaw dropped. I was stunned. My boyfriend was wearing my sexiest bustier. The panties he'd chosen were sheer and snug. But he hadn't stopped there. He also wore stockings with garters; a garter belt cinched his trim waist.

He was, head to toe, decked out in totally sensual woman's wear. A smile quivered on his lips. I looked him up and down, unable to get enough.

"What do you think?" he asked shyly.

I remembered—this was an experiment. We had to state our reactions. With absolute honesty, I said, "You look so fucking hot I think I might faint." Then I added, "How about me?"

He'd been staring just as intensely. His smile grew suddenly more confident. He said, "Fuck, Ronni, you're making me want to turn full-on gay."

The panties he'd picked definitely left little to the imagination. His lovely cock was swelling behind the little triangle of gossamer fabric. My nipples were stiff under the ribbed tank top, and my pussy was getting damp.

But the scholar in me remembered we had to ask more questions. "How, uh, does your outfit make you feel?" I asked my lingerie-clad boyfriend.

His face was flushed, and his hard-on looked like it was ready to tear through the

“SHE CAME A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE ME, ROCKING HER BODY ATOP MINE.”

panties. “I feel,” he said, “as sexy as all hell. How do you feel dressed like that?”

“I feel like the butchest boy in the world.” Saying the words increased my excitement. Then I blurted out, “If I had a cock right now, I’d fuck your pretty brains out, girl.”

I bit my lip again. Had I gone too far? But Aiden’s face split in a grin. He moved toward me. The rest of the questions could wait. By that point, our reactions were obvious. We could write down our impressions later.

Tugging the lace aside, Aiden pulled his cock out from the panties. He only looked more beautiful to me with his shaft freed, his manhood framed by the garters. I shifted my jockstrap over, exposing my slick, shaved pussy.

My bed was between us, and we leapt on it together. I pulled Aiden into my arms, and our trembling mouths met. We kissed deeply, our tongues moving with electric intensity. We’d always been hot for one another, and sex between us was never anything but great. But we were experiencing something new and special. We were in an unfamiliar place, working without orthodox boundaries. We were still the same people, though, I realized with a tremulous glee. I was female; he was male. Our bodies were the same. But by merely swapping the fabrics and accoutrements with which men and women traditionally adorned themselves, everything had been turned inside out. This was a gender-identification free-for-all!

Still, when I reached down and took Aiden’s cock in my hand, that hard, familiar shaft felt reassuring. He groaned and reached to trace his fingertips along my pussy’s slippery groove, causing a wave of pleasure to ripple within me.

I jerked Aiden’s rod, feeling the pulse of his excitement. He slipped his fingers deeper into me. I was still keenly aware of the jockstrap’s elastic band around my waist. And I heard the hiss of the silky stockings on his legs as he wriggled against me.

Other men might have flaked on this deal. Guys could have backward notions about “manliness.” But then again, none of those losers had ever made it into my bed. Aiden had been understandably nervous about our venture. I’d felt that way, too. But we had gone ahead—and boy, was I happy about that!

I was grinding on the two fingers he had jammed in my pussy as I pumped his cock energetically. Pre-come oozed out onto my fingers, and I wanted to taste it.

Aiden shifted onto his back after receiving a gentle shove from me. I moved down between his legs. His cock stood tall before my face, and I held him by his balls. His stockinged legs were on either side of me. He rubbed them against my shoulders, which had been left exposed by the tank top.

The texture of the fabric thrilled me. I saw where the sexy garters were clipped to the stocking tops. With my head spinning, I lowered my mouth toward his cockhead.

I licked up the drizzle of his pre-come, savoring the flavor which was a promise of the bigger, gushing load to come. I put my lips around his knob, my tongue swirling as his body jerked.

I worked my mouth down his staff, sucking hard and creating a tight suction. I lunged past my gag reflex and drew his cockhead into my throat. He moaned loudly.

Aiden’s taste filled my mouth. Still cradling his balls, I started sucking him in earnest. His silky legs rubbed harder on me as I lifted and dropped my mouth, never letting the seal of my lips break. I relished the throbbing length of him.

But he pulled himself away after a minute, before he could shoot off in my mouth. He reversed our positions and lay down on his belly between my outspread thighs. His face hovered over my pussy, but before he took his first lick of me, I watched him sniff the tugged-aside jockstrap, as if it might smell like cock.

The gesture sent a fresh, bizarrely powerful bolt of lust through me. When I felt the brush of Aiden’s tongue on my pussy lips, I cried out and jerked my hips. I looked down at the unbelievably exciting

"MY CLIMAX RIPPED THROUGH ME. I CAME HARD AGAINST AIDEN'S MOUTH."

sight of my boyfriend dressed in my lingerie, eating my pussy with hungry laps of his skilled tongue.

Pleasure was swirling every which way inside me. My world felt upended; I had never before imagined dressing up that way could be so stimulating, not even when I had put on the same lingerie to arouse Aiden.

My climax ripped through me. I came hard against Aiden's mouth, smearing my juices on his face. He raised his head, panting, his eyes sparkling with the same level of excitement I felt.

I saw he was about to jump me and plunge his cock deep inside my well-licked pussy. But I had a better idea, or at least a fun variation on the basic premise.

Pushing upright, I grabbed his hand and led him hurriedly into the bathroom, where the only mirror in my apartment was. Just a short time ago I'd been anxiously checking myself out in it, wondering how Aiden would look and if this whole underwear experiment wasn't just a misguided effort. But suddenly, I fucking well knew the truth: It was one of the hottest sexual experiences of my life.

And it was time to truly consummate our experiment. I slapped my hands on the wall on either side of the mirror and thrust my ass out. Aiden stepped in behind me.

For a moment we both froze, gazing at our shared reflection. I was in my masculine getup. Behind me was a man in lacy lingerie. We both looked sexy beyond belief.

Aiden slid his cock into me from behind, reaming me with his steely shaft. My pussy streamed with pleasure as Aiden's hands closed over my hips, then he started stroking into me. I grunted, meeting each of his thrusts.

My excitement grew. He fucked me harder, drilling me to my deepest depths. All the while, I couldn't take my eyes off the image of us. Gender norms meant nothing as far as what we wore as human beings. These outfits had only served to arouse the two of us.

When he went into his final frenzy, hammering me beyond all control, orgasmic fury overtook me, as well. I was wailing as Aiden's come jetted deep inside me.

We wrote our paper and got an "A." But that wasn't the last time we dressed up.

–R.B., Boston, Massachusetts

DICK WISH

Rick had in-and-out privileges at my apartment—in more ways than one. Obviously, we were lovers. But since we both worked jobs that had us on call practically around the clock, we could only hook up at the oddest hours. So I'd told Rick he could come up the back stairs and let himself in any time.

It was always a nice surprise when he crawled into bed with me at 4 a.m., or when I came home to find him snoozing and got to pounce on him. He was a fun sexy man, who had the body of an underwear model.

But I probably should have thought through that open-door policy a little better. Not that I didn't trust Rick. But one night he crept in when I was home, and he found me in my bedroom, masturbating feverishly to a hardcore male-on-male porn video.

Yes, I am a woman who loves gay guy smut. Watching two dudes suck and fuck turns me on in a special way that defies easy description. It gets my pussy streaming, and I can't help but finger myself to one wicked climax after another.

But after getting burned in my younger years, I'd rarely revealed my obsession to my lovers these days. A few past boyfriends had freaked out over my passion, and I didn't need a headache like that again.

But there was Rick, my current beau, standing in my bedroom doorway. On the screen two muscular dudes were eagerly sucking one another's hard cocks. On the bed, I was naked below the waist with a dick-shaped dildo in my pussy. A pile of gay porn DVDs were stacked next to the TV. I have an extensive collection.

There were a dozen negative ways

Rick might have reacted. But what he asked with a smirk was: “Am I interrupting?”

I’d been working on my third orgasm of the night, after a grueling day on the job. But I slid the dildo out of myself with as much dignity as the situation would allow and looked up at Rick.

“So...now you know.” Resignedly, I indicated my porno hoard.

He stooped and grabbed a handful of the DVDs, thumbing through them with that smile still on his handsome face. “You like watching the guy-guy stuff, huh?”

“You think that’s weird?” I couldn’t help but asking. I realized we may have reached the moment our relationship ended. Too bad. I really liked him.

Rick shrugged. “Most straight men I know dig lesbian porn. You ask them why and they can’t really explain.” His eyes suddenly lit up as he admired one of the lurid DVD covers. “Hey, I know this guy!”

I blinked, still lying there half-naked. “You do?”

Rick grinned. “Yeah. He fucked me in a Hollywood dance club men’s room. He was hot!”

Now I was stunned.

“You mean you’re bi?!” I yelped.

“As the day is long,” he said proudly. Then he gave me a cautious look. “Is that a problem?”

I jumped up off the bed, dragged him down onto it and showed him unmistakably how much that was *not* a problem for me. The porn movie continued to play as we fucked like mad. I helplessly imagined Rick and another sexy guy tangled naked together. I came in a torrent of pleasure and excitement.

Afterward, I opened up to him in a way I’d never really done before with anyone. It was wonderful to have an understanding ear.

Rick told me, “The ultimate straight guy’s fantasy is probably to be in the room while two hot women fucked, to watch it live.” He nuzzled me. “You want to watch me and another man have sex, say right here on this bed?”

Great gonging cathedral bells went off in my head, along with invisible fireworks that lit up my whole body with fresh desire. I could only make grunting affirmative sounds as I hurled myself onto Rick’s body, kissing and groping him. His lovely cock sprang to life again, and I slammed my dripping pussy down on it, moaning loudly with orgasmic joy.

Rick, like myself, had a long list of past lovers. He contacted a former boyfriend and made the arrangements. I was still reeling with happy wonder. My boyfriend had an ex-boyfriend! How cool was that?

I met Jaden beforehand. All three of us went out to a nice dinner, which was very civilized. Jaden was as handsome as Rick, and more darkly complected. When they held hands affectionately across the table, my pussy hummed with anticipation. Jaden and I took warmly to each other.

We headed back to my place. I was trembling so badly that Rick had to drive my car. We went up to the apartment. The two men each gave me a kiss, then they went together into the bedroom. I followed them with my heart racing. This was to be the fulfillment of a consuming desire I’d had for years.

I stood in the doorway, as Rick had done when he’d caught me diddling myself to gay porn, the event which had set this unimaginable night into motion. I watched, with eyes wide, as Rick and Jaden stood by my bed and embraced. Their mouths met, their kisses slow and sensual.

The sight set off sparks in my already revved up body. I watched their kiss deepen, their lips parting and tongues tangling. The two men pressed tightly together. There wasn’t the least bit of awkwardness or hesitation—and it just happened to hit my erotic sweet spot.

Soon, they were grinding their crotches together. Each man sported a prominent bulge as their hands moved, roving and groping. Jaden reached down to grab Rick’s ass. Rick slid a hand

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

between them to tweak Jaden's nipples through his T-shirt.

They each started pulling off the other's clothes. It occurred to me how rarely I'd gotten see these relatively tender preliminaries. In most porn movies I'd screened, the guys got naked in an eye blink and went right to the main event.

It was lovely to see these two undressing one another. It was an urgent undertaking, but not very efficient. They staggered and fumbled a bit, as two people will when stripping on their feet. But the affection I'd witnessed at dinner was still very present.

Finally, they were both naked. A fresh surge of desire consumed my body. Their physiques were virtually identical, sculpted masculine forms, firm with muscles but not bulky. I liked how their skin tones contrasted so aesthetically. Even their cocks were similarly sized.

Just as I thought that, the men took hold of each other. That contact—male hands on aroused male organs—seemed to make the air in the bedroom snap with electricity. I knew that what I was seeing was real—but it was such a dream come true that it bent my sense of reality. I wanted to cry out with elation.

They were still standing by the bed. Jaden began to kiss his way down Rick's torso. As he went to his knees, Rick turned to me and said, "You want to come over here and hold my cock for me?"

I was startled. I hadn't expected even to be acknowledged. It was enough for me just to watch their beautifully dirty spectacle. But I stepped breathlessly forward. Jaden, his face hovering by Rick's rampant organ, grinned at me.

I stepped in beside Rick. My hand trembled, but I reached out and closed my fingers around Rick's hard cock. His familiar meat throbbed in my grip. I shifted to the base of his cock and aimed his swollen knob at Jaden's face.

Jaden's tongue swirled over Rick's cockhead. Pressed against Rick, I felt his body stiffen at the contact. I thought of all the times I'd sucked his cock. Now I was holding him while another man went down on him. Life can be crazy. Gloriously crazy.

Jaden closed his lips over Rick's crown and started sucking his shaft. Rick grunted with pleasure. Jaden's face was lit with rapture, too. This was no dutiful chore he was performing, no benevolent "bro-job" he was giving. Jaden liked having Rick's cock in his mouth.

He worked my man for several minutes, his head bobbing steadily while I held Rick's cock at the base. Then as if at a silent signal, they shifted around. Jaden fished a lubed condom from his discarded clothes, and Rick got on his hands and knees at the foot of my bed.

Breathless, I watched Jaden step in behind him. Poised above my boyfriend's ass, Jaden said to me, "Hold my balls while I fuck him."

My pussy flowed as I moved in, reaching around between Jaden's legs from behind. I fondled his shaved nutsac as he fit his lubed cockhead against Rick's asshole. So many times I'd observed this same act on the video screen. Now it was happening live, before my eyes!

Rick was braced for Jaden's penetration. The cock sank into his ass. It was beautiful seeing a dick disappear inside Rick. Both men growled with pleasure. I kept gentle hold of Jaden's balls.

Jaden proceeded to fuck Rick's ass with long steady strokes. The two men moved in perfect unison, just the same as when Rick would give it to me up my ass. Their gorgeous bodies flexed. Rick's backbone undulated with the thrusts.

Their speed picked up. Jaden fucked harder, and Rick took every jab heroically. I somehow managed to keep a soft clasp around Jaden's warm balls. Suddenly, I felt them clench, and Jaden let out a cry, which Rick picked up as well. Jaden wrenched as his climax surprised him.

Finally, he staggered back, peeling away the condom. Rick turned so he was sitting at the foot of the bed, cock still standing up straight. Jaden, getting his breath back, moved to finish the

"JADEN CLOSED HIS LIPS OVER RICK'S CROWN AND STARTED SUCKING HIS SHAFT."

blowjob he'd started earlier.

But Rick told me to strip–why was I still dressed?–and come sit on his lap. Naked, I did so, straddling his hips as I faced away from him, leaving his dick exposed. Rick held me from behind. When Jaden knelt once again swallowed his cock, I looked down, stunned and thrilled.

With the angle, it was almost as if Rick's cock were sticking out from my own body. Like it was my cock. And now Jaden was sucking it off!

I thrashed on Rick's lap. Maybe I'd sometimes secretly wished I could have a dick, just so I could have sex with another man. Now all the dazzling fantasies came true, in a manner of speaking. When Rick bucked and shot his load, I came, too, fingering myself madly as Rick jetted come into Jaden's mouth.

Jaden spent the night with us, and we had a sexy threeway that was beyond my wildest dreams–but Rick promised me we'll top it next week!

–N.L., Bend, Oregon

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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